Not So Educational TV *James Ridgeway*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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MISSISSIPPI

Too Heady a Start?

Andrew Kopkind

Europe and Vietnam — *Bernard B. Fall*

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English Usage — *Guy Daniels*

Subversion — *Conor Cruise O'Brien*

The Dry Season — *The Editors*

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T.R.B. *from Texas*

At the Ranch

★ A gray lizard as long as your hand skitters across the fiery pavement into the sabre grass. Half a mile up the slope rises Texas U, part skyscraper-modern, part Lone-Star-provincial. Carved in front: "The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You." An uncomfortable motto, somehow.

Lyndon Johnson used to be congressman from Austin. Does the place give any insight? Presidents are known by childhood homes. FDR was the Hudson River squire. Harry Truman breathed Main Street. General Eisenhower took the values of Abilene. Jack Kennedy was the Eastern fairy prince. . . . The plane touches down in the burning hill country of Texas.

A few hours ago in Washington we watched shirtsleeved tourists wind endlessly around and through the White House. It was hot and a thundercloud was building up across the Potomac to drench the 5:30 rush-hour crowd. Then a quick stop at Independence, Mo., to sign Medicare before Harry Truman, grinning like a Cheshire cat in the Truman Library. (Lyndon understands the use of symbolic theatricalism; Harry never did.)

Now it's Bergstrom Air Force base. It is flat. It is hot. It is Sahara dry. It is Texas. President Johnson has been here and off again already, taking the "chopper" to his ranch, 60 miles out of Austin. We in the press party are to hole-up at Austin, "covering" the President by twice-a-day briefings, relayed through press secretaries.

Yet at once we begin to sense the pride and touchiness of being a Texan. At night the dome of the capitol, taller than Washington's, fills the sky with light. Its architecture is General Grant "early atrocious," yet for all its false fronts massively beautiful. We stay in the Driskill, one of the rare US inns that has style and history. (Denver's Brown Palace is another, and FDR's old love, the Pfister in Milwaukee.) The Driskill is the ancient home of politicians; here LBJ celebrated election victories. Briefings are in the Maximilian Room, before whose eight giant goldleaf mirrors, taken from the Chapultepec Castle in Mexico, the Emperor adjusted his sash and the tragic Empress preened.

Briefings begin next day. Press secretary Joe Laitin at the lectern lists today's visitors at the ranch – Goldberg is one. All the press portables click at once. The movement tinkles the ice pitchers on the 10 green canvas-topped tables.

On Sunday we go out briefly to see the man we are covering. Speed limit, 70 mph; the Hertz car air-conditioned; hawks, buzzards, scrub and "shinnery"; dun-colored grazing ground with live oak clumps – like Africa. Cicadas and crickets sing around the white clapboard First Christian Church of Johnson City (pop. 611), simple, stark, dignified, five windows on a side and a bell-tower. The new $5,000 cooling unit hums outside. It is any southwestern hamlet in America, with oak tree and windmill pumping water. Water – water is everything; a well is a man's fortune in the Southwest.

The heat presses down. Fifteen miles further on, and a dusty mile off Rte. 290, Johnson's cream-colored, air-conditioned Chrysler leads to the LBJ ranch. The Pedernales is bigger, prettier, than expected. It has been dammed, a ball-toss wide. Swans. Peacocks. Two lovely horses prance down, manes waving like surf. There is an airport, a jumble of metal-roofed communication centers. Then a knoll and, abruptly, a comfortable two-story white ranch house looking down on running water.

Backslapping Greetings

And here Lyndon Johnson is home. It is the city-shoed Easterner who is ill at ease and defensive. This country is direct, elemental, earthy, robust – what is corny elsewhere is not corny here. This is limitless country; scale and values are different; each bawling steer needs 15 acres; backslapping greetings seem natural, colloquial vulgarisms less grating. Ranchers with water are lords of creation. A poor man who has battled up to Johnson's height has imperial feelings; he has made his mark.

Another thing – men must cooperate here to survive. There is little privacy. Look at the brutal-beautiful land and you see why LBJ is a conservationist. To Eastern stalwarts government is the enemy; here it's the friend. It is community action that counts.

The rangy President comes out nibbling a fresh cookie and the dog dances for a crumb. Ambassador Goldberg is here, a comforting sight; he is not the man to have joined a team of militarists. A breeze rustles the ancient live oak. Even here in a casual moment the moody President is rather overwhelming. One notes his wrinkles, big ears, narrow eyes. He reads a statement and then – to a question – makes some remarks about Republican leader Jerry Ford, without mentioning his name.

First Skirmish

Why pick on Ford? Maybe it's Freudian. Everybody knows that the GOP sooner or later will attack Vietnam. It is the big issue next year. If things go well, then why not better? If ill, it's "Lyndon's War." Ford has begun to spar already. Perhaps this feeling prompts the President's abrasive attack. He speaks quietly, relentlessly and ends with a laugh. The first skirmish of 1966.

Texas is America – only more so. Here within miles are Johnson's home, high school, ancestry. It is an evangelistic land: The university is an island surrounded by churches whose ministers speak in Johnson's sacerdotal singsong. Johnson has its restless dynamism, a rage for greatness.

Even at 2 AM on the homeward trip on Monday – no, Tuesday – morning, a tired press secretary over the loudspeaker tells the plan for the new day, including a breakfast conference six hours off.

The converging, blue-specked lines of runway lights welcome us to Andrews. We zoom down. Soon our magnificent plane trundles awkwardly behind a truck with a sign in green neon lights on its rear, "Follow me."

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The Dry Season

Experts dispatched by the President last week to the drought-stricken states of the Northeast can help them pull through the present emergency. Federal dollars and the Corps of Engineers would speed reconstruction of a pumping plant at Chelsea, New York, which would enable New York City to draw water from the Hudson River. Pipes can be hooked into various New Jersey lakes, now used for recreation, and that water run into Newark's mains. The Engineers are already laying Philadelphia's water-intake pipes on barges, which can be moved up the Delaware River as the flow decreases and as the deadly salt tide advances upstream. The Administration promises to look for new sources and to keep New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania from turning their quarrel over water into a full-scale battle. Mr. Johnson has also signed a bill to step up research on desalinization, a long-term source of water.

But the lesson of the worst drought in this century is that the Northeast must begin to use its water several times over. This demands ingenuity and money, and means that pollution can no longer be tolerated. A good example of ingenious use of water has been demonstrated within New York City by the huge Rockefeller Center complex. Several years ago the Center management was purchasing one billion pounds of steam a year from Consolidated Edison to run its turbines. After the steam had turned the turbines it was shot out into the sewers. Now it is channeled into big storage tanks where it is turned back into water that is used to run air-conditioners, keep the fountains going, wash cars, clean windows, and to water flowers and trees.

If New York State would stop treating the Hudson River, one of the mightiest in the East, as an open sewer, it would have one stable source of drinking water for New York City as well as for the other cities and towns. The Hudson's steady flow probably can be assured by building small dams high in the watershed. Governor Rockefeller promises to begin cleaning up the river, if the voters this November approve his billion-dollar bond issue, but his interest in water pollution is quite new. His state has one of the worst pollution-prevention programs in the country, though New Jersey and Pennsylvania are not far behind. And, while Mr. Johnson made a lively show of concern over pollution after his election, subsequent accomplishments have been nil. He put his name onto Senator Muskie's bill to strengthen the national pollution program by wresting its administration

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from the Public Health Service and by giving the federal government authority to set standards on interstate waterways. That bill easily passed the Senate, but was shorn of its key standards provision in the House Public Works Committee after Mr. Johnson's Democratic friends from the Southwest, including, so it was said, Texas Governor Connally, lobbied the House committee on behalf of the petroleum industry, which fouls up many a river. The White House has yet made no strenuous effort to restore the standards section, and House-Senate conferees are still talking about the bill.

In his message on natural beauty Mr. Johnson said he would have the Secretary of HEW move smartly ahead to clean up the waterways. Secretary Celebrezze had done nothing of the sort. There are about 90 major interstate waterways in this country that are polluted. Since the federal Water Pollution Act was passed in 1956, the government has started enforcement proceedings in 35 instances. In three quarters of these the waterways remain polluted. The federal government has avoided entering either the Ohio River – where intervention might inconvenience a raft of industries – or the Hudson River, though here pollution is so closely linked to the present water shortage.

Mail Snooping

The Post Office, alert to violations of obscenity laws, now routinely visits employers of persons suspected of receiving "obscene" mail. Recently an official of the Pennsylvania State Department of Highways was forced to "resign" after postal inspectors had called on his superior. They said the man had been getting questionable mail in a post office box he opened in his own name in Harrisburg. The material was published by the Janus Society and other groups interested in homosexuality. The postal inspectors never talked to the man himself; nor did they bring criminal action against him. But the supervisor thought it imprudent to keep the man around any longer. It was never shown that the mail in question was obscene.

In another case a federal employee working in Washington was approached by a postal inspector who said the man had received in the mail material which might make him vulnerable to prosecution for violation of obscenity laws. The inspector was vague about what the "material" might be. Later it developed that they were worrying about a book entitled *The Gay Male* which the man had sent away for. They also suspected that he was involved in a "questionable correspondence club." When the man refused to talk with the postal inspector, the Post Office went straight to his supervisor. The supervisor called the employee into his office for interrogation by the postal inspector. No charges were filed, and in this case the man did not lose his job. Chief Postal Inspector H. B. Montague said that the purpose of all this was "to explain the postal obscenity statute." The practice, he contends, helps "prevent people from unknowingly becoming involved in a violation." He does not consider visits to an employer either harassment or an infringement of a man's civil liberties.

On June 23, postal inspectors got in touch with a Maryland college professor and asked him to identify three "obscene" letters which they said he had sent to a male "pen pal" who was being investigated by the Department. He admitted writing the letters to a man who had run a personals ad in a magazine for homosexuals. Several days later the inspectors approached the president of the college and showed him the letters. The professor was asked to resign "for the protection of the college."

Postal authorities say that in general they do not contact an employer unless it is necessary to flesh out an investigation. They would not, in other words, call on him for the sole purpose of informing on someone suspected of dealing in obscene mail. But there are numerous exceptions to this. A spokesman for the Department admitted that a supervisor may be contacted in cases involving government employees and persons

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working for private government contractors where a "security risk" may be involved. Also, should an inspector find a "scoutmaster or teacher" receiving what he thinks is obscene mail, he will go to the employer as a matter of course.

The Post Office boasts that last year 99 percent of its cases brought to trial resulted in convictions. The vast majority of cases, however, are never brought to trial, either because of insufficient evidence or because an investigation has shaken up a suspect enough to make him stop his supposed violation. Many persons are needlessly intimidated by disclosures made in the course of investigations which lead to no legal action.

The cases are complicated by the difficulty in defining obscenity. According to the Supreme Court's definition, something is obscene if it appeals to the prurient interest of the average person, applying contemporary standards. Postmaster General John A. Gronouski has said that the determination of obscenity is something for the courts, not the Post Office Department. But the Post Office does make judgments about the *probability* of a violation. According to Mr. Gronouski, "under the present procedure, when a possible violation of the mail obscenity law comes to the attention of the Post Office, a postal inspector secures all available evidence concerning the circumstances of the mailing and the pertinent activities of the mailer. If it is determined that a probable violation has occurred, this evidence is turned over to the appropriate US Attorney for consideration of prosecution." Unfortunately, the information is frequently turned over to other persons as well, and the actions they choose to take may seriously affect the life of an "offender," even if his "offense" is never legally proved.

Fleecing the Consumer

Some time ago we described how people living in the slums of Washington, DC, were paying higher prices for inferior quality food than were residents living in well-to-do sections. Now, lawyers hired by the local anti-poverty war to work in the slums as advocates of the poor, are uncovering a much wider range of consumer fraud cases.

Here are some examples of the sort of cases that routinely come across their desks: One slum dweller is being sued for $356.40 on a 19-inch portable television set that retails in many other parts of the city for $115.94. Another paid $325 plus $96 in carrying charges for a similar TV. A third client paid $400 plus $128 in carrying charges for a set that sells in many stores for less than $200. The anti-poverty lawyers are fighting these transactions in court, claiming the sales contracts are unconscionable because of the gross discrepancy between price and value.

Furniture is another racket. A year ago a 20-year-old man went into a furniture store to buy a bedroom suite. He signed a contract for purchase of the furniture at $370. During the following months he paid $254 of the total before defaulting on several payments. Marshals suddenly appeared and repossessed all the furniture. The man had not read the small print that said he was only *leasing* the furniture until the entire amount was paid off. He is charging the contract was fraudulently drawn.

Among the most vicious practices are revolving credit accounts. Stores extend credit to poor people who are bad credit risks on the grounds they pay a certain set amount periodically. No matter how much you pay off on one of these accounts, you never own anything until the whole account is paid off. The US Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia recently heard arguments in a case that could change this credit practice. Mrs. Ora Williams, with a large family and on relief, had a revolving credit account with a furniture store. Over several years she purchased a number of household items and made regular payments. When she had almost closed the account, the store sold her a phonograph set for $500. When she was unable to meet payments on this last purchase, the store repossessed everything she had purchased.

Fortas to the Court

When the President nominated his friend Abe Fortas for the Supreme Court, he was rewarding Mr. Fortas' long-held, passionate faith in the statesmanship and liberalism of Lyndon B. Johnson – a faith not widely held or easily maintained in liberal and intellectual circles ten or even five years ago. But the President was able to reward a friend while at the same time appointing one of the ablest lawyers of his generation, and a lawyer who takes an exalted view of the court he is about to join. Little more than a year before his nomination and subsequent confirmation by the Senate, Mr. Fortas wrote of the court while paying tribute, in the Yale Law Journal, to another old friend, Justice William O. Douglas.

"A man may live a long and active life – even in the aquarium of public office – without revealing and, indeed, without discovering his essential convictions. There are many hiding places; there are many factors which invite avoidance of this painful confrontation: the pressures of too little time; the exigencies of the moment; the rationalization engineered by the overwhelming virtue of self-preservation; the primacy of the need to accommodate one's views to those of others; the driving need for immediate results.

"A Congressman, a Senator – even a President – may serve his terms of office and still avoid the awe-

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some question – 'what do I *really* believe?'

"Even for a Justice of the Supreme Court, beliefs may remain shrouded and ill-defined. . . . But for a Justice of this ultimate tribunal, the opportunity for self-discovery and the occasion for self-revelation are unusually great. Judging is a lonely job in which a man is, as near as may be, an island entire. The moment is likely to come when he realizes that he is, in essential fact, answerable only to himself."

Mr. Fortas is wise enough to know that a man's past cannot entirely foretell his future on the Supreme Court, and that what lies before is not only self-revelation but also self-discovery. One of the things a Justice is likely to discover, Mr. Fortas thought a year ago, is that he is "answerable only to himself." In a very good sense this is true. But the Supreme Court, like all institutions of our government, exists by the consent of the people, and while a Justice of this court has an educational opportunity equaled perhaps only in the Presidency, he is ultimately, "in essential fact," answerable to the will of the people. It is well that he should be as deeply aware of this as of his lonely responsibility to his own deepest self.

Election Slogans In Germany

"Be faithful to your wife, but switch your vote: SPD"

"Why emigrate—try the SPD first!"

These are election slogans made up by some of West Germany's writers and poets (among them Guenter Grass and Hans Werner Richter) who have plunged into politics on the side of the challenging Social Democratic Party. From the other side, Chancellor Erhard, leader of the incumbent Christian Democratic Union, has only contempt for such eggheads: "I have to call these poets what they are: dilettantes and failures who are talking about things they don't understand."

As West Germany's almost 40 million registered voters prepare to elect a new Bundestag next month, the fight between Erhard and the poets occupies an inordinate amount of space in the press. From my observations during a visit to West Germany two weeks ago, there is a singular dearth of hard-fought issues. People discuss the personalities of Erhard and SPD leader Willy Brandt. But most of the time, they talk about things that have little or nothing to do with the election – such as who will be admitted to the 16-member soccer league of the Federal Republic following the ouster of "Hertha BSC" of Berlin, which has been found guilty of financial irregularities involving some of its top players. Or they bemoan the 14,000 annual highway deaths on the ever-more crowded *Autobahnen*. Other topics are the overfeeding of children, the competition between the nation's industrial giants for the highest skyscraper, or the rotating restaurants atop a new television tower being built in Hamburg.

These are the troubles and interests of an ever-more affluent society, which has tripled its gross national product in 15 years and where car ownership among wage earners has shot up from 93,000 to 5.1 million in the last 12 years. And the political parties have adjusted to the atmosphere of prosperity. They seem to shy away from substantive debate lest they bore a public bent on enjoying the good things in life. The Marxist origin of the SPD is all but forgotten as the party seeks to broaden its appeal beyond its normal working-class supporters. At the same time, the conservative image of the CDU has paled as West Germany under its 16-year stewardship has become the kind of welfare state of which socialists used to dream. Erhard has repudiated the dreadful thought, but talk persists about a possible post-election coalition between the two major parties, since the CDU has become increasingly weary of making deals with its perennial coalition partner, the small Free Democratic Party.

Some thinking Germans worry about the flabby consensus that is spreading across the nation. They would prefer a full-fledged dialogue on such questions as: whether after 16 years of CDU rule it is time for a change; whether the CDU can be trusted with another term as long as former Defense Minister Franz Josef Strauss, whom just about everybody mistrusts, wields power in its councils; whether the SPD would perform major personnel surgery in high-level government or government-related jobs and thus help the nation purge itself of the vestiges of Nazism once and for all; whether the current policy of increased contact and trade with Eastern Europe is more conducive to reunification than the "isolate-the-East" policy which Chancellor Adenauer's disciples in the CDU still advocate; whether Bonn should continue to oppose a treaty against nuclear proliferation unless specific allowance is made for Germany's participation in a NATO-operated joint nuclear force, thus jeopardizing the chance to halt the arms race.

But these and other issues hold relatively little interest for most of those who will go to the polls on September 19. They are more likely to make a simple choice between "der schoene Willy" and "der dicke Ludwig," and then rush back in their Volkswagen, Opel or Mercedes to their workbench or office – or to some more cake "mit Schlag."

ROBERT GOLDMAN

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New Housing at Rents Families Can Afford

What this country needs, one civil rights leader remarked, is more slums: The more slums, the more competition among "slumlords"; therefore the more pressure on them to lower rents and fix up their property. It's an interesting theory, but in fact we have been more adept at destroying dilapidated housing than rehabilitating or replacing it. Urban public housing has just about run its course. Last year, no public housing projects were started in 21 of the 25 largest cities. And private enterprise has shown scant interest in the poor; the risks are too great, the profits too low, and a large market in housing for the middle and upper classes has been spurred along by government-insured mortgages, tax deductions and subsidized interest rates.

Now we have something new. The rent subsidy which Congress has just enacted is designed to provide homes through an amalgam of private enterprise and public assistance; but this time for the poor. Rent subsidy projects will be sponsored and managed by private but nonprofit groups. The homes will be built by private contractors, financed by government-insured mortgages. The nonprofit organizations will charge the minimum rent necessary for operating expenses and paying off the mortgage. Tenants will pay up to one-quarter of their income for rent; the government will make up the difference between that amount and the rent charged. As tenant income rises, the subsidy goes down. (Which will *not* destroy tenants' initiative to make more money; only 25 cents out of every dollar added to the family's income will go for rent.)

As a political gambit, placing the rent subsidy in the framework of private enterprise paid off: It was endorsed by associations of bankers and private contractors who have long opposed public housing but whose participation in the subsidy program is necessary. If the congressional authorization is fully utilized, 375,000 subsidized housing units will have been built within four years.

Public housing has produced only 590,000 units since 1937 and began to run into trouble in the big cities in the mid-1950's. Initially, the able idealists who launched the program in the '30's had every reason to be pleased. Construction moved along. So did tenants, for the depression had hit indiscriminately, and many who then needed public housing were able to hoist themselves back up the economic ladder. But in the postwar era, the needy were of a different complexion. The Housing Act of 1949 marked the beginning of urban renewal, and as the bulldozer made its way through the slums those who were driven out were given priority in public housing. Projects were more and more populated by Negroes, and often by Negroes least able to cope with city life. As a result, public housing was unwelcome in middle-class neighborhoods, whether white or Negro. This left the ghetto as a possible site, but the awakening civil rights movement opposed such "freezing" of the ghetto. When they did get a site for public housing, officials often yielded to the temptation to build monstrous high-rise projects, with as many tenants piled in as possible. (This year's housing bill permits public housing authorities to lease or buy existing buildings, which could alleviate somewhat the problem of finding sites.). Some cities simply gave up on public housing for families, opting instead for public housing for the elderly, largely white. Projects for the elderly bypass problems of delinquency and heavier pressures on local schools. Last year, most of the 24,000-odd public housing units built were for the elderly, and almost half the total construction was in towns of under 50,000.

For ten years, Congress has been authorizing construction of an average 30,000 units a year, but each year only an average 20,000 have been built.

Will Mr. Johnson's rent subsidy scheme work better than public housing? It starts with several advantages. A project will not need approval by local political bodies. Churches, labor unions and similar groups will be the major participants. They are likely to have better neighborhood contacts – paving the way for acceptance of a project – than public housing employees. Rent subsidy projects will have greater flexibility in site selection and design, and will be freer from government regulations that have made depressing blockhouses out of so much public housing.

A nonprofit, limited-dividend, or cooperative group which wants to sponsor a rent-subsidy project will submit its plans to federal housing officials. If the plans are approved, the government will guarantee a mortgage (thus, no risk to commercial banks) to cover the cost of the land and of construction, or of buying and reconverting an existing building. In the case of a nonprofit group, the government guarantee covers the entire loan; in the case of the others, 90 percent of the loan. By agreement with the government, the sponsor is permitted to charge a rent sufficient to cover the costs of maintaining the project and pay off the debt service on the mortgage. The sponsor must agree to take in eligible families. Subsidized tenants will be selected by the sponsors themselves, through their own contacts or referrals. To qualify, a family's income must be within the limits set for those eligible for public housing. The ceiling varies from city to city: The income ceiling for a family of four ranges from $3,600 to $6,100. Those who satisfy the income requirements also must either be living in substandard housing, be

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displaced by some government activity such as highway construction or urban renewal, or be elderly, handicapped, or a victim of a natural disaster.

Unlike public housing, the subsidy plan does not consider anyone *too poor* for help. (Under the public housing formula, the government subsidizes construction, but rents must cover the building's cost of operation and maintenance. If the rent is more than one-fifth of a family's income, that family is excluded, even if it must then pay much more for worse housing in the private market.)

Because people who get subsidies will be mixed with those who don't, the stigma and isolation that has characterized public housing projects may be avoided. A family no longer needing subsidy will not be booted out, often only to return to the slums, as has happened in public housing. Rent subsidy schemes have been tried out in Philadelphia and Boston and are reported to be working well.

But there is nothing in the plan which assures it immunity from the race bind that is killing public housing. Sponsors of a subsidy project will have to sell it to the neighborhood. If they are skillful, they will manage to place some projects outside the ghetto, even outside the central city, in a suburb. But there are bound to be protests. If projects for Negro families develop in large cities in any volume, some will have to be in the ghetto, thus antagonizing civil rights groups. Perhaps the church leader, the union leader, can convince them that the important thing is to get more decent housing quickly, to give the slumlords competition; perhaps he can be more successful than the public housing official, and braver than the local politician.

ELIZABETH BRENNER DREW

The Cloudy Future For Foreign Aid

Foreign aid has nine lives. This year's $3.2 billion aid bill provides for terminating the program in 1967 after thoroughgoing congressional investigation of all of aid's innumerable nooks and crannies. But though many Americans view aid as a one-way giveaway dating back to the relief programs of the First World War, the end is almost certainly not yet in sight. One reason has been well stated by Barbara Ward, the British economist: "The gap is rapidly widening between a white, complacent, highly bourgeois, very wealthy, very small North Atlantic elite and everybody else, and this is not a very comfortable heritage to leave to one's children." Congress and the public may both fulminate against aid but there will always be someone to remind them, and not in vain, that in two-thirds of the world per capita income is $100 a year or less and is not perceptibly increasing, while in the United States the per capita income is $2,300 a year and is rapidly rising.

Aid to less developed countries used to be in the form of outright grants; there was mounting criticism and now almost 70 percent of all American assistance to foreign countries is loans. But this has created a serious problem. Now the borrowing countries have to use more than a third of the aid they receive for paying off debt. Only ten years ago, debt repayments used up only eight percent of aid. The money being repaid annually is $5 billion, ten years ago it was only $1 billion. In spite of the aid they have received, many of the borrowing countries are in grave financial straits. So they ought to be tightening their belts. But how can they on a per capita income basis of $100 a year or less? Dr. Raul Prebisch, the United Nations economist, says that if they tried it, "it would drive every last one of those countries right into the Communist Chinese camp." These countries are in trouble, despite past and continuing aid, because they live by exporting primary products, for which there is less demand than there used to be; and in order to develop they have to import manufacturing goods whose prices keep rising. The other main cause of their troubles is their high rate of population increase, more than 2.5 percent a year compared with less than 2 percent in most of the richer countries.

This year, the British despite their own money difficulties announced at the London Commonwealth conference that in the future loans to selected poor countries would be made free of interest or of management charges. Canada began providing interest-free loans last October. The International Development Association, which lends to poor countries in behalf of the World Bank, will continue to make only a small service charge for loans that are repayable over 50 years.

But the growing gap between the rich, mostly white countries and the poor nonwhite two-thirds of mankind indicates that whatever means are used the richer countries will probably have to give more aid in the future, not less. A United Nations estimate is that aid amounts now to only one half of one percent of the incomes of the donors. The UN Conference on Trade and Develpment held in Geneva last year (UNCTAD) thought this ought to be doubled, to one percent of the industrialized countries' incomes.

George D. Woods, president of the World Bank, said this month that the Organization of Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD) is lending $6 billion a year in long-term capital aid. The figure has stayed the same since 1961, but in that period the industrialized countries have been adding an annual total of $40 billion to their gross national products. As a percentage of the rich countries' incomes, aid is

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actually shrinking. Senator Robert Kennedy has analyzed the contribution of the United States and concluded that it is not meeting its responsibilities. US economic aid to the rest of the world is just over $2 billion a year or about a third of one percent of the national income. Senator Kennedy believes that this is only a fifth or perhaps only a tenth of the amount needed to meet what he calls this century's challenge. All the developed countries have to do more, but the US as the most developed has to do most.

Aid is not all altruism. Even disregarding the political consequences of withholding it, there are pragmatic economic benefits that accrue. A one percent increase in the gross national product of a developing country means a 1.4 percent increase in US exports – vital to a heavily industrialized country like the US which is worried about its balance-of-payments position. Aid supports domestic growth. In 1962, aid financed 21 percent of US exports of iron and steel, and a third of the value of exported locomotives and chemical fertilizers.

Aid has undergone a significant evolution. It began as a reconstruction of the war-shattered economies of Europe and its objectives have steadily broadened until now the emphasis is on the assistance given to backward countries that are learning to industrialize. The methods have changed, from outright grants immediately following the ending of the Second World War, to loans, country-to-country aid tied specifically to exports, and now perhaps multilateral aid given to regions through international agencies.

In my judgment, the last seems likeliest to do most for the long-term economic development of the poorer countries.

Ragaei El Mallakh

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SINGAPORE'S SECESSION POSES NEW PROBLEMS "EAST OF SUEZ"

How Much Can Britain Defend?

London

"Why don't you British send troops to Vietnam?" a visiting American asked me recently. The official answer accepted in Washington is that we British are already playing a full part in a grand Anglo-American strategy that stretches from Kenya to California. The United States defends the free world in northeast and continental Southeast Asia and the Pacific; the British do the same for Malaysia, "keep the peace" in the Indian Ocean and the Persian Gulf and stand ready in Aden to intervene in East Africa, as we did to put down the Kenyan and Tanganyikan army mutinies 20 months ago.

It's a neat scheme, if you accept the premises. The question is – and the latest quiverings of the pound sterling dramatize long-standing doubts – how long can the British half of this grand strategy survive? How long before the Marines flooding into Danang find that the Tommies south and west of them are quietly draining homeward because the British cannot afford to keep them abroad? How long before the Seventh Fleet, which since December 1963 has been publicly available to make incursions into the bay of Bengal, is studying the charts of Mombasa?

Already there are those who ask what Britain is doing trying to play a big-power role at the far side of the globe, and who argue that Britain's place is in Europe. This feeling is likely to grow in the Conservative Party, and Mr. Heath's election as leader will do it no harm. It is already evident among some of the younger and brighter members of the Labour Party. It is still a minority opinion. But if I were the Pentagon looking to 1970, I wouldn't count on it remaining so.

When the Labour government was elected last October, the White Man's Burden which that old Tory rascal Harold Macmillan did his best to dump in Africa was refurbished and picked up again in Asia by, of all people, smart, socialist Harold Wilson. He calls it "a positive role east of Suez" and his defense minister Denis Healey spelled it out this spring:

"The justification of our military presence east of Suez is not the building of a wall against Communism . . . nor the protection of selfish British interests. It is essentially the maintenance of peace and stability in parts of the world where the sudden withdrawal of colonial rule has too often left the local peoples unable to maintain stability without some sort of external aid."

Healey added that "we cannot be the permanent policeman for the whole of Africa and Asia," but the

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government thinks that Britain is in honor bound to be a temporary policeman. This is attractive both to Conservatives who see the new Commonwealth as evidence that the old empire was indeed a fine unselfish thing, and to socialists for whom the Commonwealth is a splendid transformation of the empire their anti-colonial struggles helped to end. British troops and the bulk of the (admittedly emaciated) Royal Navy are kept in and about Malaysia and the Persian Gulf. British officials last December converted Indian Premier Shastri's plea, for a universal guarantee from nuclear powers to nonnuclear ones, into talk of a Commonwealth – *i.e.*, British – nuclear umbrella for India, provided by nuclear bombers based in Malaysia.

Britain does have an interest in stability, in nonproliferation, and in keeping India secure, and feeling secure, against China. A nuclear India, armed to the teeth, would soon mean a nuclear Pakistan armed to the teeth. But it is not clear that a British military presence, conventional or nuclear, has much bearing on that problem.

In the Middle East, Britain has two interests: oil, and the foreign exchange we save because so much of the oil comes from British-owned companies. It is at last accepted in Whitehall that Arab oil producers sell the stuff because they want the money, not because they are frightened of British gunboats. But it is still feared that our withdrawal might precipitate territorial conflicts that would stop the oil flowing, so we have antique treaties of protection with various sheikhdoms, one or two of them very rich with oil. But these arrangements must soon be revised. We have the spiral of Aden: We want that base, so we want peace in the South Arabian Federation which it is now part of, so we need the base. This federation, however, is due for independence in 1968. Before that date I expect even the Colonial Office will have realized that the best we can do is make arrangements which will let the Adenis and the feudal rulers with whom they were compulsorily federated go their separate ways.

It is over Malaysia, however, that the greatest uncertainty hangs. Britain has relatively little control of the course of events there, yet has a firm treaty commitment to defend the federation that we helped to create in 1963. The Commonwealth strategic reserve – British, Australian and New Zealand troops – is based there. The huge Singapore military and naval base is available for the defense not only of the federation but of the Commonwealth, and for "the preservation of peace in Southeast Asia." There are large British investments, mainly in rubber and tin, though inadequate statistics make it hard to estimate the precise value of British investment to our balance of payments. In recent years foreign investment in Malaysia has been around $100 to $150 million a year, while profits expatriated, mainly to Britain, run around $50 to $60 million. Malaysia now has a balance of payments deficit, but its reserves of around $1.3 million, held substantially in sterling, help to strengthen the pound.

Clearly this is something worth defending, but at what cost? The 50,000 British troops now defending Malaysia cost Britain around $300 million a year. It is entirely up to the Indonesians whether this figure increases and how long it is required. Recent signs of terrorist activity by Communist Chinese in Sarawak may presage the beginning of a campaign on the style of the Malayan "emergency." This would be quite different from occasional Indonesian guerrilla attacks and the cost could escalate enormously. In Malaya it took the British 12 years to smash 10,000 Communist terrorists who had no friendly country to retreat to or be supplied from. We could be faced with a small version of Vietnam, even though the government in Kuala Lumpur unlike the one in Saigon was popularly elected.

Here we run up against the crude financial facts that dominate British policy. Our defense budget totals nearly $6 billion. About $850 million of this is a direct burden on our balance of payments, which is still running a deficit of around $1.1 billion a year. These are heavy burdens for a nation living beyond its means. Scuttling from the Middle and Far East might save us $550 million and $700 million respectively.

The most logical military choice for a cut is in Germany, the third of our major overseas commitments. This is the government's present choice. But the deterioration of the political climate inside Malaysia is making it steadily harder to avoid asking whether Malaysia, as such, is worth defending. The war of words between the (mainly Malay) leadership of the federal government in Kuala Lumpur and the (mainly Chinese) leaders of Singapore has now culminated in the Singapore prime minister, Lee Kuan Yew, declaring Singapore an independent sovereign state. Singapore has seceded from the Federation of Malaysia. China and Indonesia will step up the pressure. Indonesian President Sukarno is already exploiting the intense desire of Singapore's businessmen for trade with Indonesia to force Lee Kuan Yew to get rid of the British naval and air bases in Singapore. By ejecting Singapore from the federation that was formed in September 1963, truncated Malaysia has got rid of the Chinese politicians who challenged Malayan dominance in the federation; but it has lost its biggest city and port, and a third of mainland Malaysia's population is still Chinese. In Kuala Lumpur it is suggested that the British are to blame for making too much of Lee. And a Malay leader told a colleague of mine, "But for you British we could have settled with Sukarno long ago."

One is tempted to retort that they go right ahead, but that they not expect to be bailed out if the attempt fails.

STEPHEN HUGH-JONES

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Vietnam: European Viewpoints

by Bernard B. Fall

Athens

There is no question but that, for the time being, the United States has, in the eyes of many Europeans, just about evened the propaganda score in the Vietnamese crisis. The LBJ press interview of July 30, offering a broader basis for negotiations and limiting the American war effort in Vietnam to what appears as a holding operation, was well received. No major paper picked up the fact that the President used the word "war" three times in the leading paragraphs of his statement.

But among the foreign affairs specialists, above all the Vietnamese *émigrés* of various hues, opinions vary widely from commonly-accepted American views as to the exact causes for the present diplomatic dead end.

"It is downright fantastic," said a non-French allied diplomat in Paris, "that by now, in terms of actual substance, the American and North Vietnamese positions are very close. But what seems to have totally bogged down are the various problems of form. Both sides do not want to lose face – and the United States probably even more so than the Vietnamese Communists."

There seems to be some evidence that at least two attempts to arrive at meaningful diplomatic contacts with Hanoi failed. The first was the aborted Cambodia conference of last spring. For years, the Cambodian chief of state, Prince Norodom Sihanouk, had advocated the convening of a Geneva-type conference to guarantee Cambodia's borders – and for years he had been turned down by Washington. That such a conference would have been a conduit for discussions on Vietnam was obvious to everybody; and that was exactly the reason why Washington did not want any part of it, for the incredible illusion existed that the war in Vietnam was being "won." But when the deteriorating situation in Saigon seemed to make early negotiations desirable, the intention of transforming the Cambodia conference into a Vietnam conference was broadcast in advance by Washington and London, and the idea was promptly shot down by Peking. "If the Americans want a Vietnam conference, let them ask for one," was the gist of the Communist view.

The second and most recent attempt was the aborted Davies mission to Hanoi, which involved a junior member of the British cabinet. A North Vietnamese diplomat was not reluctant to explain the mistake in form which had occurred: "At first we were told that Mr. Davies' mission was to be a totally 'private' one and we accepted it as such. Then, as Mr. Davies arrived in Hanoi, Prime Minister Wilson tells the world in the course of a parliamentary debate that Mr. Davies' trip was part of a British 'design' to settle the Vietnamese problem. We're not here to pull Mr. Wilson's political chestnuts out of the fire. He supports America's Vietnam policy to the hilt. Let him live with it."

If both those contacts are part of the "fifteen efforts through forty nations" of which President Johnson spoke, then one may wonder at the quality of the other thirteen negotiating efforts. From what can be seen and heard in Paris, for example, it seems clear that, between September 1964 and the beginning of the bombing raids on North Vietnam in February 1965, Hanoi made several serious and high-level approaches which were either bungled in transmission to Washington or simply never reached the American President. Last fall, the North Vietnamese Minister of Health, Dr. Pham Ngoc Thach (a South Vietnamese who in 1946-54 was a formidable anti-French resistance leader) and the president of Hanoi University, Dr. Ho Dac Di, visited France for several weeks. In the course of their visit they made contact not only with French officials and Vietnamese pro-Hanoi sympathizers, but also with the most eminent Vietnamese anti-Communist exiles in France.

What the North Vietnamese had to say was substantially what the reliable French reporter Georges Chaffard also was told by as high-level a North Vietnamese official as Hoang Quoc Viet, the powerful leader of the North Vietnamese Labor Federation and member of the Communist Party Central Committee, in Phnom-Penh as late as January 1965: to wit, that Hanoi fully understood that the US could not be pushed out of South Vietnam; that an American withdrawal could not be a precondition to a negotiation; and that such a withdrawal could be phased over a fairly long period. (It is curious that the *only* part of the long series of Chaffard's articles which ever received any publicity in the US was that which stated that the Viet-Cong suffered from American aerial bombings. The key political sections were gently dropped.) But last fall in Paris, the North Vietnamese,

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in order to persuade their non-Communist interlocutors of their good faith, went one step further. They assured them that there would be no objection to their return to South Vietnam and that they could retain their French travel documents or passports so as to be able to leave the country again, should they find conditions not to their liking. There seems to have been no US response to the Thach mission.

A similar contact was made through North Vietnamese diplomats in Paris, via the French Foreign Office. Somewhat astounded, the senior French foreign service officer asked his interlocutor: "Is this the view of your government, or is this your private position?" The answer was: "I have no private position." According to the French, that proposal was speedily transmitted to Washington. It arrived there after the beginning of the February air raids on North Vietnam. There is no doubt that the latter will later be considered to have been a crucial watershed in the Vietnamese crisis; that until then Hanoi was more eager than Washington to establish meaningful diplomatic contacts; the reverse has taken place since.

If French-American diplomatic ties are somewhat less than close and high-level military cooperation of the NATO kind is dormant, there seems to be a steady stream of American visitors to Paris in search of previous French experiences in Indochina and Algeria.

"I've been spending the past few weeks doing nothing else but putting together combat reports on our operations in North Vietnam, and all the reports are going to Washington," said one French officer. Two volumes of lessons drawn by the French Army from its own experiences in Indochina, which were formerly classified secret, have been handed over to the United States for translation and use. French officers no longer on the active list (mostly because they opposed de Gaulle's Algerian policy) are being interviewed by civilian analysts from the various "think factories" from California to Boston with a thoroughness and attention to the smallest detail that no French "debriefing" ever approached.

But military developments in Vietnam itself leave many of those veterans thoroughly unimpressed. *Not one* of them (and I know hundreds personally from my own field research over the past two years) seems happy at the kind of drubbing the US forces in Vietnam are taking—the huge operations netting two dead and a few tons of rice; the so-called "impenetrable" bases being penetrated at an incredible rate; roads and railroads that had never been lost by the French now being abandoned altogether. And the overall plans, as publicly announced, are simply and purely carbon copies of earlier French plans without acknowledgment of previous authorship. Here, the puzzlement and friendly concern are the greater the more anti-Gaullist the French officer is.

In a recent article series in *France-Soir* entitled "The Failure of the Military Thinkers," Major Jean Pouget, the retired aide-de-camp to France's last wartime commander-in-chief in Indochina, General Navarre, developed what he considers the mistaken approach taken by present-day planners in Vietnam. The author of an excellent book on the Indochina war and a recent visitor to many of the combat areas in South Vietnam, Pouget echoes in many ways the thoughts of a whole generation of middle-ranking officers who feel that winning the population is everything and bombing it into submission is senseless; as it also was when *their* army did it.

"The Americans are re-editing the Navarre Plan," said Pouget to me, "except with vastly improved means. But the thinking is the same." In actual fact, the Navarre Plan *is* being implemented all over again, but I doubt very much whether anyone in command in Vietnam is consciously aware of it. It consisted in a strategic and in a tactical part. The strategic part was to leave to the native Vietnamese Army the job of "pacifying" the countryside (mostly in the Mekong Delta, just as now) while the battle-tested French Un-

"I'd hide, if I knew which side of the tree is safe."

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ion Forces would play the role of "*fer-de-lance*" ("the tip of the spear"), as the saying went, and would smash the Communist Viet-Minh regulars. The tactical aspect consisted in the creation of what was then called *bases aèro-terrestres* (air-land bases). Navarre's operations chief, Colonel (now General) Berteil, was the father of that part of the plan. It envisaged the creation of 21 air- or beachheads throughout Indochina, many of them behind enemy lines inland or shore-based, which would eventually compel the enemy to fight with one eye cocked over his own shoulder. Constantly harassed by mobile French forces sallying forth from those bases, the Viet-Minh was expected to beg for mercy and in the words of the late Secretary Dulles explaining the Navarre Plan to Congress in 1954, it was to permit Navarre to "break the back of the enemy's main forces by the end of the 1955 fighting season" (*i.e.*, the dry season ending in April 1956). By that date the whole theory had gone up in flames at Dien Bien Phu and the French were out of Indochina.

The pat answer to that warning is that (a) nobody is now going to be foolish enough to bottle himself up inland, and (b) American air and naval power can stave off any such threat. To which one must in all modesty reply that the French and British, too, had firepower superiority at Gallipoli; and that neither Dunkirk nor the pulling-out of the US Marines from Hungnam Beach in North Korea was avoided by the availability or presence of naval and air cover. It was barely a year ago that *Time*, commemorating the 10th anniversary of the Battle of Dien Bien Phu, crowed that "US planners in Vietnam have learned never to bottle themselves up in fixed positions." By now, most American troop units in Vietnam are deployed in protection of fixed bases and *The New York Times*' able Charles Mohr found it worthy of a whole article on August 3 when an American paratroop company finally *bivouacked* (not patrolled!) at night out in the open jungle. It's the Navarre Plan alright, only jet-propelled and air-conditioned. Maybe that will make the difference, in the long run.

The German Worry

As one crosses Germany and talks about Vietnam, there is a sense of concern, but of a different kind than in France. The French *know* what the Vietnam mess is like; the Germans just know what it can do to them if it degenerates into a US-Russian confrontation, as many of them fear it will.

To the Germans, for example, the appeal by Deputy Secretary Cyrus Vance during a German trip in July for American "volunteers" for Vietnam from the Germany-based US 7th Army, seems an indication of things to come; and the quotation marks around the word "volunteers" were contributed by the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. There is open speculation that after the German elections in the autumn there will be large-scale withdrawals of US troops from Germany for duty in Vietnam or, at the very least, their replacement by raw recruits. Either way, it will make the American shield in Europe less credible to friend and foe alike. And it will certainly add weight to de Gaulle's assertions that, in a "crunch" which involves America directly (and here nobody is stupid enough not to consider Vietnam a purely American commitment, all double-talk about "united action" notwithstanding), the Americans will always act in accordance with their most immediate national interest, and not according to the dictates of jointly-elaborated Allied policy.

A less wholesome aspect of the German preoccupation with Vietnam is a certain overemphasis of the roughness with which US troops treat the Vietnamese civilian population in the course of counterguerrilla operations. "US Soldier Yells: 'Kill 'em all off!' " was the 2-inch letter headline in *Münchener Abend-Zeitung*. For a large segment even of "good" Germans, Vietnam now becomes an *ex post facto* justification for whatever went on in 1940-45 in Nazi-occupied territories. Even the straight reportage lends itself admirably to the unearthing of a whole vocabulary that might better have remained buried. When I see American units being referred to as *Bandenkampf-verbande* (Bandit Fighting Units) – the name given during World War II to the Waffen-SS outfits specialized in the ruthless killing of guerrillas (and their families and relatives, of course), I cannot help feeling that somehow the message which President Johnson has sought to convey to the world about America's purpose in Vietnam, has gotten mangled in German translation.

As I walked to my airplane this morning in Vienna, the local *Wiener Kurier* headlined that Secretary McNamara was asking for an additional $1.7 billion for the Vietnam war for this year alone. A retired Austrian *Staatsrat* (State Counsellor), who accompanied me, said softly: "Do you realize that this is almost the total government budget of Austria for the next year?"

In the airplane my seat neighbor was a young Austrian Army sergeant in tropical suntan uniform, with a Red Cross on his sleeve and a light-blue beret with the UN globe on it. "I'm with the UN Force in Cyprus, going back after home leave," he said. "It's pretty quiet in Nicosia now." I told him I was going to Vietnam. He said nothing for awhile and looked out the window over the dark-blue Aegean Sea and the Acropolis which came into clear view. Then he turned back to me, with a diffident smile.

"Well," said the young Austrian sergeant from the UN Force, "maybe we'll fix that, too. In that case I wouldn't mind going."

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Not So Educational TV

by James Ridgeway

Two years ago the Ford Foundation gave National Educational Television money to produce programs that would offer an interesting alternative during prime evening time to commercial television's mush.

For $8 million a year, NET, a nonprofit corporation with headquarters in New York City, puts together five hours a week of quality TV. Half of this is meant to be devoted to cultural and children's programs; the rest to public affairs. The shows are sent around to 92 local affiliated educational television stations. During most of the day, these stations work with the school systems in presenting purely instructional programs. Some are supported by the schools; others raise funds from the community. This year Ford announced matching grants for community stations which are particularly hard pressed for money. Local stations are beginning to band together in regional networks, and the day cannot be far away when all of them are hooked together in a national network. In effect, work is well along on a foundation-primed BBC-type television system for the United States.

But already the mechanism set going by Ford has begun to boomerang. Although in theory the programs are evenly divided between cultural and public affairs, in practice, the emphasis has been on the latter. To do this work John F. White, the president of NET, who as former vice president of Western Reserve University in Cleveland has relatively little experience in the television business, recently hired several minor luminaries from the commercial networks. They were followed by their friends. Predictably, the immediate result was that NET put out a string of tiresome documentaries that are minor parodies of work done by the networks.

Ford has been running into some criticism on this account, and now pays a platoon of spies to watch NET programs and submit confidential reports on them. This makes the people at NET nervous and their unease probably is heightened by the New York television critics on whose tepid comments they dote. In addition, behind NET's programming there is a vaguely drawn idea of the audience it wants to attract.

I asked White who watched the shows. There really is no such thing as an NET audience, he cautioned. There are only local audiences. But, he went on, in its first 10 years educational television had generally appealed to "highbrows," not at all to "lowbrows," and only occasionally to "middlebrows." "Our biggest task," he said, "is to begin to get middlebrows." Elaborating, White said that people who watch educational television usually have been through two years of college. NET now would like to attract bright high school students. White claimed commercial television appeals to people with an eighth-grade education.

I wanted to see the programs the "highbrows" were looking at. And keeping in mind that the public affairs documentaries were a major concern of Ford as well as the NET executives, I concentrated on these.

By all odds NET's biggest production to date was a recently completed series of six lavish hour-long spectaculars called the "Population Problem." Each cost about $100,000 which is a good deal of money even by commercial television standards. With personnel and promotion costs added, the total came to over $1 million, and Cordelia S. May, a Pittsburgh philanthropist interested in population problems, put up the bulk of it. The idea for films on population originally had been discussed between Mrs. May and Francis Thayer, president of US Productions, an independent producer. NET agreed to show the programs. Production funds were channeled through NET so that it retained a good deal of control over the work. In early 1963 a group of demographers were brought in as consultants and for the next year and a half they haggled with the producers over content. NET became increasingly displeased with progress on this series, and ended up this January by taking over direction from US Productions.

The general idea seems to have been to lay out a history of population movements in various parts of the world. But since NET or the producers or the demographers or all three were unwilling to talk much about birth control, the films turned out to be thin. The first one, on Brazil, was little more than a tedious chronicle of people moving from the country, where large numbers of children were needed to tend farm, into the city, where they were not needed. Subsequent films on Japan and India provided sketchy treatment of both abortion and sterilization, but only as addenda to the same tired general histories of the countries. Another program, however, gave an interesting account of fertility research.

A program called "The European Experience" began in a promising manner with the narrator saying, "It was in Western Europe after the scientific and in-

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dustrial revolutions, that sustained rapid population growth began. But the nations of Western Europe were also the first to achieve their 'demographic transition' – the changeover from high birth rates and high death rates to low birth rates and low death rates. Today as they look for solutions to their grave population problems, the underdevelopd countries . . . have much to learn from the European experience."

But the film never says what the underdeveloped countries have to learn from Europe. Instead, it plunges into a slapdash recitation of general European history from the Middle Ages onward. After about three quarters of an hour of this, the narrator heaves abreast of Queen Victoria. Background music, which has been appropriately funereal during the various plagues which helped keep population down, now brightens and the happy sounds of horns signal the arrival of a chart that shows the birth rate declining from Victoria onward. "How did this come to pass?" asks the narrator. "Why was this menacing growth of population checked in Europe, by voluntary control – rather than by disease and famine, as Malthus had predicted?"

There is a pregnant pause before he continues in a level voice, "There is no simple, final answer." And then adds lamely, "The transition from large to small families was carried out by the people themselves, using contraception. It was the sum of individual decisions . . . and a social consensus emerged. . . ." Surely commercial television has never produced anything more maddening than this stuff.

NET's next to last program on population was called "USA: Time for Decision." It asks but does not try to answer the question of whether larger numbers of young parents will send the birth rate up. Not once does this film take up arguments between Catholics and others on birth control; nor does it touch on the controversy within the Catholic Church itself; nor on the question of whether the government should actively get into the business of pushing birth control information and devices; nor about the difficulty of persuading badly educated poor people to use imperfect methods of birth control now available to them. It doesn't mention the change in sexual mores that among other things has resulted in enormous numbers of young women looking for illegal abortions. In short, it omits a major part of the history of this country's "population problem."

I watched this film with growing astonishment and later asked White how it was possible to make a film about the "Population Problem" in America without once mentioning the Catholic views on the subject. He replied that one might discuss these differing attitudes without mentioning names, and that anyway, I should understand that these programs on population were meant as "backgrounders." NET soon would make a film on the birth control controversy.

White is enthusiastic about the sort of cultural spectacular the "Population Problem" represents and he is eager to get on with an even grander series called "The Environmental Revolution." NET has spent three years and more than $15,000 drawing up a rough outline for the series. This undertaking will be years in the making, involves literally hundreds of learned men who will consult. It will cost about $1.5 million. And while it is far too early to tell precisely what the programs actually will be about, the outline gives a clue:

"A technological arrogance, coupled with an almost mystical faith in science, has caused modern societies to forget the basis of all human life, and this arrogance is upheld by the subconscious feeling that man is able to control or master nature. Since this is only partly true, he must come to understand his dependence on nature and his relationship to the essential equilibrium in nature. . . .

"Ignorance, apathy and pessimism are our real enemies," the outline continues. "Sound information is one real basis for hope. National Educational Television intends, in 'The Environmental Revolution' to show its millions of viewers what intelligence has accomplished; how creative thinking and planning, based on knowledge, can eradicate ugliness and waste, creating a world worth living in."

NET wants to spend another $100,000 over a six month period to complete an "in-depth research study" which will establish the design for the series. Experts will meet and draw up position papers. NET will then seek out the most talented people to help bring the series to fruition.

Some Other Documentaries

NET can't afford this sort of splurge often, and most of its documentaries are far more modest, usually costing less than $50,000 each for an hour-length program. This begins to put a strain on the producer, who has to budget his time carefully and can't afford reshooting scenes. I saw a number of these shows.

Almost everyone at NET was pleased with the response to a documentary called "Death on the Highway." It began with a discussion of the various causes of traffic accidents before settling firmly into a detailed report on the controversy over automobile safety design. Unlike much of the reporting on the subject, this film named the makes of cars. There was a lively exchange between Consumers Union specialists, who would point out design flaws, and the manufacturers' representatives who would then defend themselves. But the film never really described why cars are made with certain safety devices lacking; nor did it bring up the large number of suits that accuse General Motors of designing in the Corvair an automobile that will go out of control. And it did not discuss the startling

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story which *Consumer Reports* published last winter that suggested Ford and Chrysler had recalled certain 1965 models because of faulty manufacture.

Like many NET documentaries this one ended with a short editorial comment that said in part, "Recently the General Services Administration insisted on certain safety equipment which Detroit agreed to include in the cars it will sell to the government, among them collapsible steering columns and recessed dashes.

"The question then is obvious and paramount: Why not these safety features for *all of us and now*?"

Actually the GSA set weak specifications for steering columns and none for dashes because of heavy industry lobbying. This documentary did not deal with industry lobbying in Washington, which in many respects, has been at the center of the auto design battle.

A series of two hour-length shows called "South African Essay" portrayed a good deal of what life in South Africa is like and provided some rather general history which wasn't altogether uninteresting. But it wasn't until the last fifteen minutes or so of the second film that the producers got around to sketchily mentioning the large-scale foreign investment, including that from the US, which helps keep South Africa booming. The films did not discuss the pressures that are periodically applied to place economic sanctions on South Africa; and the possibility or lack of one, of a revolt by blacks from within.

A one hour program that White particularly liked was called the "Young Americans," showing teenagers doing the twist, drinking beer, talking about letting Jews into their fraternity houses and discussing the pros and cons of going to bed with one another. It concluded that young Americans were a confused bunch, which is probably true, but the film didn't suggest why.

NET Will Not Play God

NET made a special series of nine one-half hour programs about Congress, called "The Changing Congress." I saw several, one of which was a rather funny account of a day in the life of a congressman done up in a faked cinema verité style. There was a dreadful film about Senator Eugene McCarthy, who was described as "on the outside of the inside but moving in."

Another purported to describe the passage of the water pollution legislation through the House by having the cameras follow around one Congressman. It began by saying there was a difference between the Senate and House versions of this bill, but didn't say what the difference was or why it was important. (The House bill did not contain a section which gave the federal government power to set up water quality standards on interstate streams. This was a victory for industry since it did not want the federal government forcing it to spend money to build costly sewage works.) The NET program went on to suggest that the House version of the bill was stronger than the Senate's, which it was not. It further suggested that the main obstacle to getting the House bill passed was the Rules Committee where it would run up against Judge Smith. In fact, there was little worry about Judge Smith's granting this bill a rule. Among other things, the water pollution legislation carried the President's strong endorsement. The real question (which NET didn't mention) was whether the White House would seek to get the standards section back in on the House floor or whether it would instead wait and try to work the matter out in conference. (Apparently it chose the latter course, although a conference has not yet been held.) And the big mystery about the House bill was why John Blatnik, chairman of the House Public Works Committee, had caved in to industry and given up the standards section in the committee. But NET barely mentioned Blatnik's name.

A good deal of NET's difficulties in making documentaries stems from a fundamental and simple policy. NET seldom reports events. Rather it hires consultants to tell it how to make programs. Some of the consultants are paid $100 a day plus expenses; others aren't. Sometimes the consultants will appear on the programs, where they are interviewed. The viewer, of course, has no way of knowing whether they are paid or not; since NET often does not even list the consultants at the end of the program, the viewer doesn't know that the people interviewed actually had a hand in designing the program.

I asked White to tell me how he regards the use of consultants, and he explained that on a given subject there will be a number of points of view. NET would seek out the responsible spokesmen of each point of view, bring them all together and try to get them to hammer out an approach through "consensus." If a consensus is impossible, then there is nothing for it but to record divergence. In this way, White said, NET avoids "attempting to play God."

It would be unfair to judge NET too harshly after so little production experience. Some of the programs like the one on automobile safety design were perfectly good companion pieces to stories that have appeared in the newspapers. Moreover, I did see one exceptional film on teaching children in Harlem. It was made by an outside producer, Dan Klughertz, and is called "Marked for Failure." Unlike most of the others I had been watching, it was made with a sense of curiosity and passion. If NET could come up with a few more like this each year, it would be well worth spending $8 million on its operation, but in doing so, it ought to be developing its own producers from people who now probably know little about television. So long as it is weighted down by uninspired refugees from commercial TV, it won't get very far along in this direction.

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Bureaucracy's Long Arm

Too Heady a Start in Mississippi?

by Andrew Kopkind

In the flat cotton counties of Mississippi, the federal government has come close to subsidizing a movement of poor Negroes to change the pattern of their short, nasty, and brutish lives. The unlikely vanguard of the poor is the Child Development Group of Mississippi (CDGM) which runs 84 preschool centers and attendant adult action programs in 75 communities throughout the state, under a $1,460,748 Project Head Start grant from the Office of Economic Opportunity.

It hardly sounds like the makings of a revolution, but for many Mississippi Negroes, CDGM *is* the civil rights movement this summer. The spirit and momentum of last summer's brilliant social drama has thinned. The "Movement" is in disarray, and while no one imagines the US government could ever replace the angry organizers of the Negro poor, it is obvious that some kind of test is underway. How far can – and will – the government go?

Not so strangely, people at the two geographical poles may arrive at different interpretations of the results of CDGM's eight-week program. From Washington, the romantic idyll of Negro sharecroppers running little schools in the cotton fields is marred only by the intransigeance and disorderliness of the CDGM central staff, which for some reason cannot data-process and quadruplicate their activities in the Harvard Business School manner. From Mississippi, the exasperating, overwhelming problem of running an independent school system with totally inexperienced people in a continually hostile society is complicated by the OEO's lack of empathy and its sensitivity to political pressure. Early this month, Washington and Mississippi collided. How they got to that point illustrates the central problem of the War on Poverty: how to ensure (as the legislation demands) the "maximum feasible participation" of the poor.

CDGM is an outgrowth and an elaboration on the "freedom schools" which workers for the Mississippi Summer Project set up last year. Political action had to involve education. The schools were in the middle of what CDGM's first director, Tom Levin, calls the "natural community," the urban neighborhoods and rural groupings where Negroes lived and knew each other.

Levin, a 41-year-old lay psychoanalyst with a long involvement in civil liberties and civil rights activities worked with the Medical Committee for Human Rights and the freedom schools last summer in McComb, Mississippi. Late in the winter, he got together a group of civil rights organizers in his New York office to discuss the possibility of starting "freedom preschools" in Mississippi on the model of the schools for older children. The day before the meeting, an OEO officer heard about the plan, immediately related it to the embryonic Project Head Start program, and rushed to New York to convince Levin to join up.

Neither Levin nor his colleagues, principally Protestant ministers from the National Council of Churches' Delta Ministry (the churches' civil rights program in Mississippi) were overwhelmed by the offer of government funds. For the same reason that Mississippi politicians dislike the federal government – "control" – Levin thought the preschool project should be a volunteer, independent effort.

But the possibilities of Poverty Program help were enormous. With healthy ambivalence, Levin and the Delta Ministers agreed to become part of Head Start. It fit the OEO's plan perfectly: Washington was searching for a way to attack poverty in Mississippi from outside the "white power structure." To avoid a possible veto by Governor Paul Johnson, CDGM was to be set up under a grant to an educational institution (which by law is veto-proof). Tougaloo College was frightened and refused; finally Levin convinced Mary Holmes Junior College, an obscure institution in West Point, Mississippi, to sponsor the program. The *quid pro quo* was a $12,000 "administrative fee" requested by the college.

The theory of Head Start is to give poverty's children a leg up on their richer schoolmates when they enter kindergarten or the first grade in September. There is no very strong evidence, however, that eight weeks of preschool activities, even in the best of circumstances, will make much of a lasting difference. But even if the educational benefits of Head Start are not enormous, it offers obvious opportunities for community action, particularly in the poorest areas of the

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South. Levin's interest CDGM was its potential for developing the community. Included in the program were a medical examination and treatment plan, meals for the children and nutrition education for the parents, a counseling project for the most distressed children, a book printing project, and a drama and film-making project. There were hundreds of ways to train parents and volunteers in patterns of living that had always been closed to them.

The central staff Levin assembled was largely composed of young civil rights workers. At a SNCC (Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee) convention in the spring, Levin proposed that the organization actively support CDGM. Nothing could have been further from the SNCC mystique of anti-government, anti-bureaucracy, anti-control, and – some might say – anti-program. But some SNCC workers came along, and Levin put them to work canvassing the rural counties, finding local Negroes who were interested in setting up centers, and forming local "parents' committees" to do all the planning and management. No one else but civil rights workers had the dedication and the experience to organize the local centers.

Community Hostility

White harassment began early. Sharecroppers who registered their children for a Head Start center were threatened by the plantation bosses. One tenant was evicted; many withdrew their children. There was physical violence, too. Someone shot into the headquarters at Mt. Beulah, and at the center in Rolling Fork. Levin's car was forced off the road by two white men in a radio-controlled pick-up truck in a Delta county. A cross was burned at the Anguilla center. To deflect some of the attacks, the OEO gave money to county school boards to set up their own Head Start projects in competition with the CDGM centers. The rationale was that CDGM could not handle the demand. In reality, the two rivals often fought for the same children, and in the poorest areas, where Negroes were most vulnerable to economic pressure, the white Head Start often as not won. All Head Start centers are technically open to both Negroes and whites, but there is little race mixing in Mississippi this summer. Except for a few white CDGM staff members' children, the 84 centers are all Negro. In almost all, however, there are white workers from the North (there is one white Mississippian – a secretary – on the central staff). The county Head Starts, of course, are controlled by whites but have neither white students nor teachers.

The white school boards' Head Starts deny the possibility of community action, rather than encourage it. There are no functional parents' committees. All power is in the hands of the white politicians, and the Negro principals and teachers who have been hired (to the general exclusion of the poor) are in the unenviable role of "Uncle Toms." The emphasis in these centers (usually in county Negro schools) is on discipline and regimentation, and first-grade instruction eight weeks before first grade. On the other hand, the best CDGM centers make a conscious effort to let the children express themselves as freely as possible; they will not have much of a chance to do it again in Mississippi.

The only local Negroes in the poor Delta counties who would start a CDGM school, naturally, were "Movement" people. Sidney Alexander, a wise and charming carpenter in Rolling Fork, was a leader of the town's Freedom Democratic Party precinct; he became the organizer of the Head Start parents' committee. The experience was repeated throughout the state. Rev. J. F. McRee, the powerful leader of the civil rights movement in Canton, started the Canton CDGM project, the biggest (with 560 children) in the system. They all had the experience and the confidence of leadership. They could withstand the consuming hostility of the whites, who refused to cooperate almost everywhere except Gulfport and the "moderate" Gulf Coast cities. Facilities were hard to find; school boards refused to lease the public schools, and in most cases would not contract out the school buses. Buildings in the white neighborhoods, or buildings owned by whites, were unavailable. In the backwoods, CDGM found small Negro churches and unused shacks. The community volunteered to repair and paint them, build equipment, and put in the necessary sanitary facilities.

Incredibly, all 84 centers were operating on opening day, July 12, but the troubles had just begun. A central staff of about 40 non-administrators, most of them under 30, was running a school system with about 5,600 children spread out over a vast area, in the face of antagonism from the people who controlled the state.

The CDGM headquarters was located on an old Negro college campus called Mt. Beulah, now leased by the Delta Ministry, and used like a 1930's labor union camp in the Catskills. From it, the staff began to fan out to the countryside. Ten yards from the campus gate they met their first obstacle: Police lay in wait for CDGM cars and gave them tickets for every possible traffic violation, real or fancied. In the first week or so, CDGM employees collected $1,100 in fines. In the counties, the local committees were having more serious problems. They were to be reimbursed for supplies and food and the usual expenses, but they had no operating capital and local white merchants would not extend credit, even with the government behind them. In one community, the Negroes could not get credit for buying a stove, and the OEO would not authorize payment until the purchase was made (the stalemate

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was broken by an elaborate leasing agreement). The OEO demanded receipts and all kinds of official documents for every purchase, which would have been easy enough in Chicago, but difficult in Sharkey County, where the Negro store owner's idea of a receipt was a scrap of paper bag, or at best, a slice of tape from the old adding machine. Neither, of course, went down well with Washington.

For some reason, the lack of bureaucratic efficiency did not seem to bother the program, which was going miraculously well. Some of the schools were having their difficulties, in a few instances because of conflicts between forceful Negro matriarchs and the parents' committee members. The CDGM staff was attentive to their needs, but Levin demanded that the community committees work out their own problems. Two of the centers were temporarily "suspended" for a few days because they were not coping with personal problems and the program was falling apart; their disappointment and embarrassment – and the support offered by central staff coordinators – moved the parents' committees to resolve the conflicts.

Visitors were shuttling back between Washington and Mississippi, and they all were excited by the centers. The staff was justly proud. It is hard not to be moved by the experience of people sensing freedom for the first time.

"The Kids Come Anyway"

August mornings in the Delta are hot when they dawn, but the children stand patiently at the the roadside for the cars or rickety buses to pick them up. Many of them have no shoes; some wear rags for clothes. In one county, a bus driver spends two-and-a-half hours fetching children, and the same time taking them home. In Sharkey County, one of the poorest in the county, parents pick up children for the Hopedale CDGM center in their own cars and trucks. They rumble down the narrow highway and then bump along narrower dirt roads, and at a corner they turn into a rutted path which leads to the school, a one-room shack with no electricity, and fresh water carried in in big cans from heaven-knows-where. In the field in back is a huge pecan tree, with a low table underneath and 40 small children playing with blocks and finger-paint and picture-books. Louis Robinson, the head of the local committee, is fixing a stair to the center. Four or five mothers are playing with the children. A white "resource person" (there are no "teachers") is setting out breakfast – eggs, bacon, grits, bread, milk.

"Some of the parents was threatened by the boss man," Louis Robinson explained. "But the kids come anyway. It's our school, so it's their school. Well, I think they like it pretty good."

Hopedale is a small victory, and so is Rolling Fork and the centers at McComb and Holly Springs and Itta Bena and Second Pilgrim's Rest (which was set fire to, but saved from destruction). Together, they are a huge triumph and no imaginary threat to the architecture of white control. Mississippi racists cannot tolerate the example of Negroes running their own affairs. Small wonder, then, that the political attacks began even before the centers opened, and increased in number and intensity as they were seen to be successful.

The *Jackson Daily News*, a paragon of the white Mississippian's point of view, warned in May:

"Here is one of the most subtle mediums for instilling the acceptance of racial integrity and the ultimate mongrelization ever perpetrated in this country. The most frightening parallel of these so-called Head Start programs . . . are some similar programs which have been a part of some anti-American countries for years."

US Rep. John Bell Williams, the Goldwater Democrat who was stripped of his seniority by the House leadership in January, "represents" the Mt. Beulah area, and wants dearly to get CDGM out of his district. He managed to convince Senator Stennis (a *bona fide* Mississippi politician but not a fanatic) to use his position on the Senate Appropriations Committee to lead the attack. Stennis put the chief committee investigator, Paul J. Cotter, on CDGM's trail. An investigating team went to Mt. Beulah, pored over CDGM's books, and snooped around in desk drawers and filing cabinets. Cotter went to Levin's home in New York (where his wife and children are staying) and asked Mrs. Levin personal questions about her husband's personality and his activities.

The OEO, whose $1.9 billion appropriation is before Stennis' Committee, was understandably anxious. The news went quickly to Sargent Shriver and to the White House. OEO auditors and evaluators began to descend on Mt. Beulah. Dr. Julius Richmond, the director of Head Start, came down with an inspection team. The staff was nervous and harried, and with good reason. On August 1, the OEO called a special meeting of the CDGM board of directors at Mary Holmes Junior College. Levin heard about it during the day; he and his assistant, Jim Monsonis, a former SNCC worker, chartered a plane and flew to West Point.

Three OEO representatives presented Levin and the board with an ultimatum in the form of 14 "recommendations" to clean up CDGM. The first 13 were not unreasonable. Levin recognized the administrative deficiencies, and was eager to eliminate them. The OEO wanted more complete receipts, strict accounting of petty cash, logs kept on travel and phone calls, and more financial responsibility for the board of directors. The fourteenth request was the shocker: CDGM was to move immediately from Mt. Beulah to West Point,

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and an OEO official would be installed from Washington to act as "liaison" between the president of Mary Holmes College and Levin.

With three weeks to go in the summer Head Start project, Levin argued, a move would destroy the program. He was not thrilled about the setup at Mt. Beulah: The quarters were inadequate, there were too many non-CDGM activities interfering with the central staff's work, and some minor friction had developed with the Delta Ministry. But to move to West Point would be killing: It was more than 200 miles from most of the centers, telephone and transportation facilities were extremely difficult, supplies could not be found in the area and would take weeks to arrive from Jackson (which is a half hour by car from Mt. Beulah), community people would not be able to come to the headquarters and living arrangements were poor.

The more-or-less official OEO explanation (the entire matter was never made public) was that the move would somehow improve CDGM's administration. Levin thought it would do precisely the opposite. He insisted that the real reason was pressure from Stennis. That was true enough; OEO hoped that it could give Stennis a symbol of retreat and maintain the substance of the program. But more than that, the OEO wanted more control on Levin, which is to say more control of the program. It was almost impossible to do that at Mt. Beulah; at Mary Holmes, the dancer might be separated from his dance.

Staff Resistance

The next day, Levin returned to Mt. Beulah, called a meeting of the staff, and presented the "recommendation" to move. There was a violent emotional reaction. A secret vote was taken; only three staff members wanted to accept the move and stay with the program; two were undecided; five said they would resign and leave CDGM; and 25 voted to resign from OEO employment and try to continue CDGM without federal funds. Staff members who were used to fighting power structures (and were, in fact, rather fond of it) painted a distressing picture of what a forced move would cause: Negro pickets in front of Head Start centers and action by civil rights workers to undermine OEO projects. Someone suggested getting all 1,200 CDGM local employees to return their weekly OEO paychecks to their congressmen, or to President Johnson, with publicity fanfares.

Washington was horrified. Two negotiators flew to Mississippi and met again with the staff. Through a long night session, the staff battered the Poverty men: How could CDGM maintain its credibility as champion of poor Mississippi Negroes if it gave in to "Mister Charlie," in this case Senator Stennis, at the first attack. By the middle of the week, the OEO caved in. Or did it? It was agreed that CDGM could stay at Mt. Beulah for the rest of the summer – only a few more weeks. Levin would be eased out of all administrative functions; he would be assigned to develop proposals for the vastly expanded program that CDGM hopes to sell to the Poverty Program in the fall, all things and Senator Stennis willing. Levin's assistant would take over administration, and the board of directors would try to assert itself, most vocally through Rev. Art Thomas, (of the Delta Ministry), Miss Marian Wright, a young lawyer from the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, Inc., and A. D. Beittel, the retired (white) head of Tougaloo College. The federal bureaucracy allowed the insurgents to win one skirmish, but there was little doubt who would win the long war.

The trauma of the sudden OEO barrage, and the resulting enlargement of the board of directors' role has caused huge damage to staff morale. When the board called a meeting to, among other things, set up a four-man executive committee and did not invite Levin's replacement to attend, he quit. Not only had the board gone over his head, but he felt its action to concentrate power in the hands of just four people, none of them community representatives, had diminished the role of the poor in the administrative control of the program. The fall program, if it is ever funded, will suffer too. Eight weeks of Head Start is, as its name implies, only a first step. To be meaningful, the program has to continue.

Despite the OEO's concessions to the Head Start staff at Mt. Beulah, things will not be the same again. The SNCC workers who thought they could run a US government program like a Freedom House (which is to say, not run it at all) know that the strings attached to all that money are constricting, and have no end. OEO's anxiey about Mt. Beulah and Levin and CDGM may have been simply a response to ill-kept finances and political pressure. Underneath, there is a deeper concern about the radicalism of a program like CDGM.

The independent civil rights workers in Mississippi see that the Negroes in the small communities lose some of their motivation for protest when they get small government jobs at the Head Start centers. The inevitable gulf opens between those who want to tear down the whole "system" and those who want to slip into it. If CDGM can keep its course, it may prove that if it cannot be the whole civic rights movement, it can at least be a strong ally. The sharecroppers who are tasting power and money this summer for the first time are developing into political men faster than anyone expected. The civil rights workers, who could find no program to push after the protest marches, have seen what real changes can occur in people's lives. They are growing up, too.

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Memories of a Brownshirt Girlhood

by Lore Segal

If I remember rightly, it was in a single week last summer, that the news media reported the attack on Buddhist priests by Vietnamese Catholics, the bombing of Protestant Sunday-school children by Alabaman Protestants and the beating up of Catholic schoolchildren by Israeli Jews, demonstrating more neatly than usual the brotherhood of man in evil. Each of these acts was committed ideally, in the name of anti-Communism, white supremacy, and Jewish orthodoxy, respectively. Melita Maschmann, in *Account Rendered*, undertakes to explain the ones she committed in the name of National Socialism.

Account Rendered
by Melita Maschmann
(Abelard Schuman; $4)

Miss Maschmann's book is cast in the form of an open letter to an unnamed Jewish woman, a school friend from Berlin, of whose post-Hitler fate and present whereabouts she is ignorant; I consider myself addressed. Though somewhat younger, and Austrian, I was just such a schoolgirl when Hitler took over. The girl Miss Maschmann describes herself to have been, and the one I remember myself to have been, would have been best friends. Walking home from school together, we would have talked Plato, Goethe, and Life with more than average intelligence, a very average lack of information, a shared yen for what was "intellectual," and our heads full of inchoate idealism.

The coming of Hitler, which exiled my family and me, served to focus the idealistic longings of Melita Maschmann, then 15 years old. Secretly, against her parents' wishes, she joined the "Bund Deutscher Maedel" (the girls' section of the Hitler Youth) to which she devoted her next 15 tireless, passionate years. Her career followed two paths. In the labor service – an organization dedicated to the practical assistance and political guidance of the German peasantry – she became a camp leader in German-occupied Poland. She also trained herself as a journalist for party organs and, from 1943 to 1945, was in charge of the BDM press and propaganda division of the Reich Youth Leadership in Berlin. A few months before Germany's capitulation, Melita Maschmann walked away from her post to hurl herself like some heroic, near-demented dwarf into whatever war work seemed, momentarily, to be holding back the ruin of the 1000-year Reich, exposing herself to danger – expecting to die, because of her inability to imagine "an existence robbed of all inner possibility of life." The occupation, nevertheless, found her hiding out in the mountains of Austria with other party leaders, dreaming of an underground Party resistance. Miss Maschmann was captured by the Allies, interned for three years and released, still arrogantly Nazi.

"It may surprise or horrify you," writes Miss Maschmann "that it took me a good dozen years to complete my inner break with National Socialism." It also surprised me that Miss Maschmann believed herself capable of explaining herself "so that you might gradually be able to understand – not excuse – the wrong and even the evil steps which I took. . . ." I found myself listening with the expectation, the intention even, of finding Miss Maschmann full of rationalizations, the flaws of which I would quickly discover – she is, after all, a trained propagandist – but her voice is steady and thoughtful. She is clearly under the necessity to explain the albatross around her neck, pausing, once in a while, with the embarrassed awareness that she is asking her victim to sit still and listen to the reasons of the heart of the executioner.

Through hindsight, via self-analysis, Führerin Maschmann leads us back to herself in 1933. She explains Hitler's attraction as almost inevitable to the "rising generation of the middle class . . . which had been fatally prepared to fall victim to his 'ideas' " even when – particularly when – the parents were hostile to National Socialism: "It is noteworthy that while the 'socialist' tendency expressed in the name of the movement attracted me because it strengthened me in my opposition to my conservative home, the 'nationalist' tendency . . . was meaningful to me just because it was in harmony with the spirit that had been drummed into me since my infancy." Long before she knew the meaning of the word "Germany" it had combined in her mind with "the two great mysteries, God and Death. . . . I loved it as something mysteriously shadowed with grief, something infinitely dear and threatened with danger. . . . Germany, poor and mortally sick" looked toward a savior very different from the young Democratic Weimar Republic. "My parents directed their children's attention towards those facts" (the forty-odd factions, political murders, the economic blunders) "that were likely to discredit the new system" then engaged in its own life struggle.

To Melita Maschmann's hopes, Hitler was promising an end to the poverty and unemployment she saw about her, the rejuvenation of a moribund fatherland, a united Germany, a "National Community." For herself, it promised "an escape from my childish, narrow life" – a fulfillment of the desire "to attach myself to something that was great and fundamental." "I longed to hurl myself into this current, to be submerged and borne along by it." She was at that time emerging from a first and unsuccessful love affair and, embracing Hitlerism, she thus addressed herself. "Now you are saved . . . because now your life has a meaning independent of yourself. . . . It is not important that you should be happy,

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but it is important that you should work for Germany." It is interesting that she believed it was not important for herself (nor, it follows for anyone else) to be happy.

Her first labor of love was to accept her own "bitter disappointment." The working-class girls who were so romantic in theory turned out, in the actuality of party meetings, to be "fatally lacking in interest." Political discussions petered out and the "songs were of a linguistic poverty which I was unable to ignore." (Melita Maschmann even created a sub-group "that called itself unashamedly the 'elite club'." She was very severely reprimanded.) But one had no right, she told herself, "to turn one's back on the party because of personal feelings." She accepted disappointment, disagreement and, later, guilt, as a religious novice might accept the burdens and limitations of her new life, with a patient fervor. Then she was sent to her first labor service and discovered happiness after all. "Never before nor since have I known such a good community." She imagined it "magnified on an infinite scale" to embrace all of Germany and all Germans in the diaspora. "I can recall this feeling of happiness . . . the feeling of being young, of belonging together and loving one another – how should it not fill us with overwhelming joy!"

But we are waiting to understand how such a girl handled the absurdities and bestialities with which she had aligned herself. She looks back trying to make it out. Wherever possible she gave "idealistic interpretations." The exhortation to the Hitler Youth to be "tough as leather, swift as grey-hounds, hard as Krupps steel," she heard as a call to sportsmanship. "I always understood 'hardness' as 'taking punishment'." Where such interpretations were untenable she took recourse to the 'growing pains' theory: When she was taught how that degenerate, Goethe, had murdered Schiller, she roundly declared it to be a lie, concluding that even National Socialist leaders were fallible. Some of these leaders, moreover, had clearly come into the party for selfish reasons – out of vanity, ambition, and greed "These 'peacocks' would be swept away to the devil with a broom of steel" by a future generation when education would have "turned every German into a decent National Socialist." As for the "virulent anti-Semitism," it must be a "passing excess which the party itself would disavow."

Miss Maschmann analyzes her own childhood education in anti-Semitism on which rested her later, willful ignorance about what was happening in Germany. From her parents she had learned that "anti-Semitic opinions need not interfere with one's personal relationship with individual Jews." She could believe that "Jews were foreigners" whose blood was corrupting the dying fatherland "without being compelled to think of old Herr Lewy or Rosel Cohn." Her best friend, of course, was Jewish. When National Socialism made anti-Semitism programmatic "I thought only of 'the Jew' who had to be made harmless." Miss Maschmann gives a small insight into the technique of minds not basically vicious, in living with notions they know to be "complete madness." She remembers the teacher of racial theory whose method was to insinuate ritual murders against Jews, making fun the while of Yiddish speech mannerisms. He was made fun of, in turn, by the youth-leader trainees. They called him "Mr. Ritual-murder-very-funny," thereby expressing the sense that he was talking nonsense without having to "make room for the thought" in their minds. This did not, however, do away with their feelings of guilt about it. Miss Maschmann says that she never bothered to read the Nuremberg laws and did not know what they contained. "The fact that anti-Semitism did not interest me, can no doubt be traced to my suppressed bad conscience." Later she passed through a Polish ghetto: "I forced the memory out of my consciousness. As the years went on, I grew better and better at

Two Fishermen

My father made a synagogue of a boat.
I fish in ghettos, cast toward the lilypads,
Strike rock and roll the unworried waters;
I in my father's image; rusty and off hinge,
The fishing box between us like a covenant.
I reel in, the old lure bangs against the boat.
As the sun shines I take his word for everything.
My father snarls his line, spends half an hour
Unsnarling mine. Eel, sunfish and bullhead
Are not for me. At seven I cut my name
For bait. The worm gnawed toward the mouth of my name.
"Why are the words for temple and school
The same," I asked, "And why a school of fish?"
My father does not answer. On a bad cast
My fish strikes, breaks water, takes the line.

Into a world of good and evil, I reel
A creature languished in the flood. I tear out
The lure, hooks cold. I catch myself,
Two hooks through the hand,
Blood on the floor of the synagogue. The wound
Is purple, shows a mouth of white birds;
Hook and gut dangle like a rosary,
Another religion in my hand.
I'm ashamed of this image of crucifixion.
A Jew's image is a reading man.
My father tears out the hooks, returns to his book,
A nineteenth century history of France.
Our war is over:
Death hooks the corner of his lips.
The wrong angel takes over the lesson.

STANLEY MOSS

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switching it off, for doubts would have *torn away the basis of my existence.*" Looking back she sees how the very fanaticism with which she dived into work served to "keep the subconscious fully concentrated on protecting it from such a crisis." Besides, she had not "hurt a hair of a single Jew's head."

Miss Maschmann's own sphere of activity lay among the Poles. She had first to learn to suppress her spontaneous but "misguided" sympathy for the unbelievably miserable condition of the Polish poor. She had a childhood memory to draw on – the emotion aroused by a population map which illustrated the "German bogey of belonging to a dying race." It depicted a delicate little girl sitting inside the German frontier threatened by a robustly advancing baby Pole. The Party directive therefore, forbidding "Germans to give alms to Polish beggars" had the force of a prohibition to give aid and comfort to the enemy. "It was a kind of suicide to save Polish children from starvation," and "I acquired the fatal ability to suppress sympathy for foreigners."

Miss Maschmann illustrates an advanced stage of this ability in her account of the burning of a Polish village by the Polish underground. ". . . Viewed externally what I did was even good . . . I roused the people . . . to save their houses . . . dragging and pushing them with a stick" (What a sight that must have been!) ". . . but I was not thinking about [their] misery. I was thinking that they would be a burden on German supply arrangements." And she compares her lack of feeling here with the intensity of her compassion, during a bombing raid, when she tried, unsuccessfully, to drag an old exhausted man out of a fire. "I suffered with him . . . because he belonged to the great family of my National Community." On that day – the day of the Polish village fire – "I encountered the evil in myself without knowing it."

She and the girls in her camp were detailed to help the SS turn Polish farmers out of their family farms and to make sure that they took nothing of their belongings that would be useful to the German families moving in. If there was a suspicion that the Poles had sneaked forbidden objects onto their carts, Miss Maschmann and her girls, carrying sticks, made the Poles unload and repack under supervision.

Throughout all this Miss Maschmann was troubled by her delicate sense of right and wrong: Called upon, in the absence of any priest in the community, to perform the funeral office for a dead peasant, she pronounced the name of "God" (whom the party had forbidden) with a feeling of doing "something dishonorable." For a year she extricated herself from her service contract in order to continue the same work on a voluntary basis to make it nobler and happier. Towards the end of the war, she was asked why she wasn't coming to a party. "Because" she answered priggishly, "I find it indecent to dance and get drunk while there are bombs falling elsewhere."

"I keep wondering," writes the regenerate Miss Maschmann "whether . . . I should still approve the things which seemed good to us . . . at that time." She lists "the real virtues" which the war called forth, "patriotism, loyalty, courage, obedience, self-sacrifice," and how "every class and age group of our nation . . . [over-

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came] their native laziness and selfishness." "During the period of the Third Reich" she writes "we were spoilt by a sense of the significance of our existence . . . if we ate a piece of bread we could believe we were strengthening ourselves for the fight . . . if we decided not to eat the bread we could believe that it would fortify for the struggle someone else whose need was greater . . . Now" (she continues, speaking of the time of defeat) "both things seemed equally pointless – to eat the bread or not to eat it." The material promises of the democracies lacked the attractive power of the spiritual demands of the dictatorship.

Miss Maschmann describes her break with National Socialism – the break with her "former self" as a reluctant process. At first she feared the ignobility of "not being true to the ideals of one's youth" of "swimming with the tide" under "new masters." She kept trying to argue away as falsifications or at least "shameless exaggerations" the posters and statistics which told the story of the extermination camps; but the doubt raised in her mind little by little dovetailed with the doubt she had been suppressing since 1933. She could not, finally, avoid wondering "could it be possible that the imposing intellectual edifice of our philosophy had never really existed?" There followed a term of total nihilistic despair, what one of her mentors – a German anti-Nazi and Christian, called "the grace of the point zero" leading to a "confident despair." Under the haphazard influence of this and other disparate literary personalities (Sartre, Heidegger, later Benn, Kafka, Mann), she was introduced to a brand new activity – thinking (which, under Hitler, had been considered "a biologically negative activity of degenerate brains"). Now she recalled past theories in the sort of surprise with which one studies the picture of the object of a past infatuation: Rereading Hölderlin's apostrophe of Germany "Holy heart of Nations . . . land of love, all tolerating . . ." she wonders how she could have read it, instead of prayers, dedicated to the Hitler Youth, "without a momentary sense of any contradiction. Something uncanny must have happened here!" she exclaims.

In retrospect she questions even "that selfless existence . . . the almost monastic asceticism . . . in devotion to the Reich. . . . Did it not imply a dangerous loss of contact with people?" And did it not involve an even more dangerous loss of contact with her self which Miss Maschmann implies with less awareness? At 15 she had discovered that it was not important that she should be happy. Later "everything that I had been was absorbed into the whole" and again "this release from the ego created an immunity from the greatest mental danger . . . fear." It also created an immunity from the saving graces of common sense and common feeling. And it is here that Miss Maschmann fails to connect her own conclusions. One is tempted to speculate on the barrenness of the self that constantly needed to spell out a significance for its existence, for the eating of its daily bread. Miss Maschmann suspects that her intense busyness through those years was a way of keeping out of mind the evils that would have made her quarrel with her faith, but one wonders if the evil Miss Maschmann needed to bury might not have endangered her peace with herself: She tells how, during her first Hitler march, she had seen a man bloodied in a suddenly erupting fight and recalls "the horror it inspired . . . spiced with an intoxicating joy." Later "even . . . hostility in one's encounter with the Poles often felt [like] a stimulant." When threatening them with her stick she experienced an "almost intoxicating feeling of superiority as if I were measuring my strength against some unholy power." Beneath Miss Maschmann's monasticism, bubbles what Freud called the "witch's cauldron," and the Nazi party made moral, even heroic (one of Melita Mashmann's favorite words) the indulgence of the brutal part of the human instinct.

I recall my own, one, memorable act of sadism when I was six years old, where I similarly divided myself between good and evil. I played that I was alternately a wicked child who tortured baby chickens, and a loving child who caressed them, and acted accordingly. I recall both impulses being clear and separate and pleasurable. When Miss Maschmann says that "the frontier between good and evil can run straight down the middle of us . . . that not even the most educated, sensitive and cultivated should feel immune" from evil, I know this to be literally true and deduce that the frontier, however unequally, runs through murderers and victims both.

This is an unattractive position to take: To those who agree with me, what I say is truism; to those who do not, it is sacrilege. And it sounds chilly: It has none of the headlong passion, the fiery indignation that Norman Podhoretz brings to bear on Miss Arendt when she demonstrates a lack of innocence on the part of Hitler's Jewish victims and their leaders. "They did what they did," cries Mr. Podhoretz, "they were what they were and each was a different man. . . . Murderers with the power to murder descended upon a defenseless people and murdered a large part of it. What else is there to say?"

What there is to say, in one's dry, logical voice, is that the murderers did what they did, they were what they were, and each was a different man. "The ghastly thing," Miss Maschmann writes "was just the fact that it was not gangsters and roughnecks, but decent, intelligent and moral people who allowed themselves to be induced to acquiesce in something deeply evil and to serve it."

This notion is indeed so ghastly that Mr. Podhoretz cannot take it. "Lunacy," he says. To Miss Arendt's portrait of Eichmann as a not uncommon man Podhoretz says, "No. It finally refuses to wash; it finally violates everything we know about the Nature of Man. . . ." What, precisely, *do* we know about the nature of man – not theoretically and generally, but from the form of it which is our single best clue – our own? I am proposing the indecency of publicly looking at mine. Have I in my nature that with which to understand Miss Maschmann's Nazi career though I believe it to be based on diseased ideas leading to bestial, criminal actions?

There is a technique that I perfected during the years Miss Maschmann was a Hitler Youth leader in Polish labor camps and I a refugee in English foster homes, for mastering preposterous facts not accessible to the normal routes of imagination. It is a sort of

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"method thinking" which is nothing more than the ancient literary device of the simile that forces an alien notion into an equation with a familiar one in order to isolate their common factor. If the elements are sometimes as dissimilar as the experimentations of a six-year-old and the policies of a modern nation, their yield of common brutality can, nevertheless, serve as a first foothold on what is otherwise sheer incomprehensibility.

Let me apply "the method" to some random monstrosities of Miss Maschmann's repertoire which her self-examination brings halfway to meet us. She says she had her first inkling of her own evil when she felt nothing for the burning village of Poles whereas she sympathetically suffered the burning of her German compatriot. I hope we have a similar inkling when the newscaster announces a plane crash and picks out for special mention the American dead. The local news will specify the number of dead New Yorkers. If we are Jews we wonder if any of them are Jewish. Miss Maschmann accuses the hardness of her heart, but I know of the havoc of the Sofia earthquake, of rats gnawing New York babies, of a friend dead of cancer; I bear up pretty well.

But there are griefs or wrongs at times, large, dramatic, or close enough, to fire our imaginations: The most likely to catch my generation is the cause of the world's Negroes to which I stand committed. But even here Miss Maschmann in her commitment and I in mine have only the Nature of Man within which to act. When the Mau Maus were on the rampage or the Congolese killed white hostages, I used mental tricks rather similar to those Miss Maschmann ascribes to herself when she excused the brutalities of her side: I kept in mind the sufferings and injustices which the past had inflicted on the murderers and refused the present sufferings of the victims room in my mind. Every young movement has its ruthless stage, I argued, and anyway the reports are probably false; or at least exaggerated.

Shall I spell out that I am not comparing the local revenge by oppressed Africans with wholesale massacre by megalomaniac Germans? What I am comparing is this instance of Miss Maschmann's behavior on the wrong side with mine on the right side because it makes hers understandable to me. But there must be a limit beyond which I cannot follow Miss Maschmann! I have turned no Poles out of their ancestral farms (nor hurt a single hair on their heads). I did, though, make my mother send my grandmother to an old-age home. She was encroaching on my *Lebensraum*. My action is comparable to Melita Maschmann's to the degree of throwing light upon it: The sufferings of the displaced victims I believe to be about equal. Neither Melita Maschmann nor I had, at the time, a sense of wrongdoing. I was acting out of my necessity; she out of what she had been persuaded was Germany's necessity. I wonder why political evils seem to us more arbitrary, more easily avoidable than their domestic counterparts. The chief difference lies in the number of the victims.

If I seem to be condoning Miss Maschmann, I mean to do the exact opposite. Miss Maschmann was acting

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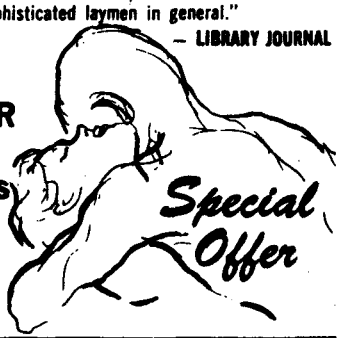

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monstrously, and I am her blood sister. Nor am I saying, "There but for the grace of God, etc." For one thing, the grace of God has little to do with any part of this; for another, I would not, under similar circumstances, nor any other circumstances, have thought what Miss Maschmann thought, nor done what she did.

The difference between our natures (both human) is the difference Melita Maschmann saw between herself and her Jewish schoolfriend when she writes "you wanted to 'improve' mankind. I wanted to 'improve' Germany." And "from an early age you were an individualist . . ." while "I wanted to hurl myself into the current."

At the age when Miss Maschmann was suffering from xenophobia, my nature and circumstances, quite explicably, had given me a case of xenophilia. While Miss Maschmann romanticized Germany and feared and hated what was foreign, I was irritated by my middle-class Jewish-Austrian background and loved everything English, Asiatic, African, and Jews too, so long as they were Yemenite, or Hassidic, or otherwise foreign to me.

While Miss Maschmann hurled herself into her "National Community," I tentatively joined the "Student Movement for World Government" but what I had to give was nothing like the time or energy which Miss Maschmann invested in her cause. I needed too much for my own affairs; I do not need a faith to give consequence to my existence or hallow the eating of my bread. I *love* eating bread. Finally, Miss Maschmann, bored by inferior discussions and pained by the silly songs, felt that these were no reasons "to turn her back on the party." When I saw our first newsletter, ill-printed on ugly paper, badly argued, propagandistic and self-serving, I faded out of the activities.

If I seem to be saying that what would, in Miss Maschmann's place, have kept me from becoming a Fascist, is laziness, selfishness, and fastidiousness, I think, in part, I am. Nor is this a frivolous speculation: Many of us do question how we would have comported ourselves, if we had not been Jews, in Hitler's Germany. For myself I think that I would not have been actively heroic. If that were my mode, I would have found reasons for going to Mississippi last summer, not reasons for staying away. But I judge that I would have been decent to my Jewish neighbor, because I consider that I am now being decent to Melita Maschmann, my enemy, by abstaining from hatred, however heart-warming, and from theories about her nature however intoxicating, without checking back with my own.

I use the word "decent" differently from Miss Maschmann. For her it is one of a series of virtues – patriotism, loyalty, obedience, self-sacrifice – which I distrust. The witch's cauldron bubbles too cozily under such cover. These were the very virtues, moreover, which Miss Maschmann had to unlearn before she could establish contact with herself and her own thinking. Her account of her self-discovery and her rethinking is written with intelligence, articulateness and every honesty short, perhaps, of profundity, and can bring those who are willing a good way towards what Miss Maschmann asks us to do – understand – not excuse her.

The President's Constituency

by Conor Cruise O'Brien

Professor Harry Howe Ransom in *Can American Democracy Survive the Cold War?* told us how the American President's constituency has been expanded far beyond America's continental shores. Professor Paul W. Blackstock, in *The Strategy of Subversion: Manipulating the Politics of Other Nations,* tells us something of how the expanded constituency is managed. In *The Invisible Government,* David Wise and Thomas J. Ross, journalists, supply case histories of what happened in certain wards of the constituency: Laos, Vietnam and Guatemala for example. These books were all published some months ago (*The Invisible Government* was reviewed by Gilbert A. Harrison in *The New Republic* of June 27, 1964), before the case of the Dominican Republic shed new light on the nature of the constituency.

Can American Democracy Survive the Cold War?
by Harry Howe Ransom
(Doubleday; $4.50)

The Strategy of Subversion
by Paul W. Blackstock
(Quadrangle; $6.95)

The Invisible Government
by David Wise and Thomas J. Ross
(Random House; $5.95)

Professor Ransom's choice of the word "constituency" is curious and I think revealing. It tends to suggest that the scores of other nations with whose interests, according to him, "American national interest has become inextricably entwined," have their share in the determining of American policy, and even actually in the election of the American President. But in reality the share of these honorary "constituents" in the determining of American policy hardly exceeds their nonexistent share in electing the American President. The non-American inhabitants of the "free world" have about as much influence over the government in Washington as the Americans of two hundred years ago had over the ministers of George III. Their relations to the American government vary very widely; their countries can be allies, clients or subjects through a form of indirect rule, but none of these relations brings any non-American into a category resembling that of American citizens. The image of them collectively as forming the expanded constituency of the American President can therefore only be utterly misleading. Why should Professor Ransom, a thoughtful and generally not a complacent writer, use such a farfetched metaphor? Its use, I should guess, reflects an underlying discomfort, which all these writers share, at the actual present relationship of the United States government to the rest of the non-Communist world. The discomfort is honorable; the quest for comfortable words is harmful.

In discussing his central theme – the relation of cold war operations to the working of democracy in America it-

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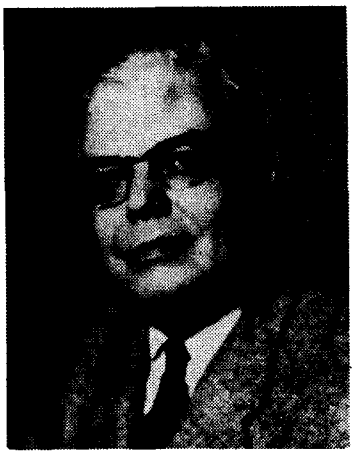
self – Professor Ransom disperses not comfort but light; some readers may even regard him as alarmist. But as regards the nature of the cold war itself and the need for it, he supplies a State Department version of pastoral. Thus we have the "multi-pronged nature of the Sino-Soviet threat" on the one hand while on the other America's Cold War strategy will inevitably be defensive. It is taken for granted that all readers believe in the existence of a "Sino-Soviet threat," and are agreed on what is threatened; the image of Sino-Soviet unity persists, and the real world, in which Soviets and Chinese are apt to direct their "prongs" at each other, is forgotten or ignored.

It is also taken for granted by this professor, as by the most unsophisticated nationalist, that it's always the "relentless and resourceful foreign adversaries" who are on the attack, while one's own side's strategy is inevitably defensive. The terms "defensive" and "aggressive" as used by nationalist writers – whether journalists or academics, American or Russian – have in fact no other meaning than "move by our side" and "move by the other side." Those who use such language are often sincere and convinced. Russians thought of missile bases in Cuba as essentially means of defense against a potential aggressor. Similarly most Americans seem ready to assume that American intervention in South Vietnam is of a defensive character, that even when it led to bombing North Vietnam it remained defensive, and that a decision to bomb China, should that be made, would still be part of a defensive strategy.

Regarding the other fellow as by definition the aggressor is an old and comfortable habit which has now become exceedingly dangerous. Scholars should surely try to set a good example to journalists and others by eschewing it altogether. Paul Blackstock does in fact set such an example by using about his own side the kind of language that is usually reserved for the other. Western observers, he says, "have been reluctant to recognize that the major Western powers have in fact aggressively intervened in the internal affairs of other countries in conduct-



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ing political warfare in disputed areas of the world." The journalists, Wise and Ross are also laudably unsentimental, as in their description of the brothers Dulles – Foster proclaiming that, in containing the advance of international Communism, America would scrupulously avoid any interference in the internal affairs of other countries; brother Allen meanwhile being free to deal with nastier realities, to overturn governments and to engage in backstage political maneuvers all over the globe with the CIA's almost unlimited funds.

The authors of all three books are troubled by certain phenomena: the steep rise in the power of the leaders of the intelligence community; the lack of effective democratically-based control over these leaders; the vital bearing of their operations on America's foreign policy; the consequential fact that America's foreign policy itself escapes to a dangerous degree from democratic control. Many illustrations of these phenomena are given, perhaps the most dramatic of them being this: ". . . Neither the President, the Secretary of State, nor the Secretary of Defense knew on May 1, 1960 that our U2 pilot was over the Soviet Union" (Ransom). In relation to the same episode Professor Blackstock justly comments: . . . "Covert operational agencies can create situations of fact to which rational policy regardless of what it might have been – must later be adjusted." This thought, with its many given implications, will be finally imprinted in the mind of any reader of these books.

Valuable as the three books are, for their analysis and illustration of cold war situations, they are – as might perhaps be expected – less useful when it comes to showing us how the dangers which loom so oppressively in their pages can be lessened. Professor Ransom, in this domain, offers nothing but the vaguest generalities, and clearly does not feel that he can answer the question posed in his title. Messrs. Wise and Ross suggest some organizational and other minor changes, which seem sensible, but which would hardly change the basic situation. One of their wisest pieces of advice, which will be warmly endorsed by some of us who have considered some recent contributions to African studies, is this. There is a real danger that the academic community may find itself so closely allied with the Invisible Government that it will have lost its ability to function as an independent critic of our government and society. The academic world should reexamine its acceptance of hidden money from the CIA. This danger has, I believe, been increasingly recognized in the academic world itself.

Ransom, Wise and Ross, then, have nothing really radical to suggest; Professor Blackstock goes in a sense farther than it seems practicable to follow. According to his conclusion, the veil of secrecy surrounding the use of covert operations must be lifted. I find it hard to imagine what covert operations would be like if this were done. The fact surely is that most

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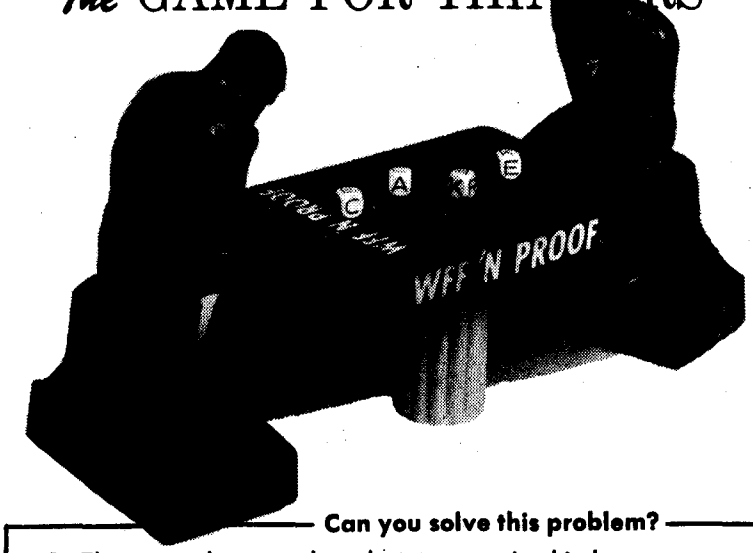

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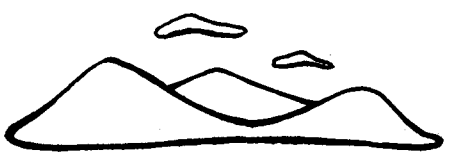
covert operations are kept covert for excellent reasons: They are in conflict with the professed policies of the government concerned, and with the prejudices which it is desirable that the ordinary citizen should cherish against blackmail, kidnapping, torture, murder, etc. Any power which considers such activities necessary in the national interest will engage in them; since all powers also find it necessary to profess virtue, none can tolerate the lifting of the veil.

The real question – which none of these authors seriously attempts to answer – is, to what extent *are* such activities necessary in the national interest of the United States, the country whose policies are under discussion in these works? The details of covert operations necessarily and of their nature escape democratic control, but their general scope and scale should surely be subject to a greater degree of public discussion. It must be accepted as necessary in the present state of human development that a great power such as the United States must inform itself as fully as it can about the capacity and intentions of other powers which are potential adversaries, and that it must do so by, *inter alia*, methods which for good reasons must be kept covert. There is at present an irreducible minimum of covert operations. But is it also necessary for the United States to understand political warfare inside all countries which are thought to be menaced by Communism – a category which includes all poor and undeveloped countries? If this is necessary, then covert operations on the present vast scale are also necessary. But those who claim that saving Ruritania from Communism is a vital interest of the United States should be asked, more often than they are, to say precisely why this should be so.

There was once a reason which was presentable, but this no longer applies. This was that the spread of Communism meant the spread of the monolithic empire of the Kremlin, and therefore of Russia's power to fight the United States. It is important that verbiage about the "multi-pronged" "Sino-Soviet" threat should not be allowed to conceal the total collapse of this hypothesis, formerly the most powerful argument for fighting Communism.

Is a country which goes Communist necessarily anti-American? It will be so, of course, at least for a time, if American resources, covert and other, have been devoted to "fighting Communism" in that country; the anti-Communist crusade generates many of the threats which it claims to combat. The case of Yugoslavia shows that a Communist country need not be anti-American. It is at least conceivable that Vietnam, if the anti-Communist crusaders had let it alone, might now be a Yugoslavia of the Far East, with Ho playing Tito to Mao's Stalin.

What is needed now is not so much a further discussion of cold war techniques – which are necessarily nasty and necessarily covert – as a serious discussion of whether it is necessary or even expedient to wage the cold war at all. There are of course groups for whom it is expedient, but do such groups comprise the people of the United States?



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Does English Usage Exist?

by Guy Daniels

I have just taken a gander at a gaggle of books on English Usage (dare I mention Fowler in this feathery context?) and the experience has left me feeling a bit weak in the knees. The most abiding impression I got from one huge tome on English Usage was that English Usage does not exist. From another bulky volume I learned, to the contrary, that EU definitely *is*. Not only that, but the author (Dr. Bergen Evans) went on to affirm that whatever is, is okay, and we should just leave it lay. (His own idea of leaving it lay was to write several hundred pages on the subject.) Finally, an even hipper (comparative of "hip," *adj.*) authority convinced me that EU isn't okay *yet*, but it will be if we'll all just nudge things along a little. I was still pondering how to go about it, when the mailman arrived bearing an invitation from a Nice Young American Couple of my acquaintance. In accordance with the current EU of Nice Young American Couples, it was signed with the lady's first name placed ahead of her husband's. Suiting my action to the authority's word, I Nudged Things Along a Little by addressing my acceptance, with impeccable logical consistency, to "Mrs. and Mr. Josephine Blow." It made me feel a lot hipper; but it didn't help that sensation in my knees.

The Careful Writer
by Theodore M. Bernstein
(Atheneum; $7.95)

Not that I hadn't been forewarned of all these perils lying in wait for him who *(he who?)* would fain write carefully. ("Forewarned . . . *v.t.*, to warn beforehand." *Webster's New World Dictionary. College Edition.* Not a word about being warned afterhand.) I had been forewarned, by, for one, Mr. John Benton, the distinguished editor of *Manuscript and Proof*, when he said: "If you take hyphens seriously you will surely go mad." And then there had been Dwight Macdonald's classic essay on *Webster's Third International.* The Macdonald piece was really not so much an essay as a thesaurus of factual horrors that made the tales of E. A. Poe read like *Polly Pigtails.* I can never, for instance, recall without a shudder the fact that the pronunciation editor of the Abominable Third tallied up some *twenty-six* pronunciations of "lingerie" before he just got tired and quit. *(Laid down?)* Even worser, each and every one of these pronunciations is in principle just as valid as the next. (Memo to myself: Check *Webster's Third* under "spaghetti" to see whether the pronunciation *puhs-GET-ee* is listed. If not, sue Merriam-Webster for discriminating against my daughter's pronunciation of the word. Granted, *puhs-GET-ee* dates back some 17 years, to when she was four; now she only says it in her sleep. Still, she's entitled.)

I was warned; but I nonetheless maintain that Mr. Bernstein is chiefly responsible for my mental and other anguish. What he did, was, he lulled me into a false sense of security, leaving me an easy prey to other authors in his field. He deceived me, I say, with his sanity, good judgment, and general competence. The 484 pages of entries in *The Careful Writer* – from A, AN through ZOOM ("... denotes rapid upward motion") – are not only far more legible than most such, but far more readable as well. For the former we have the publisher to thank; for the latter, Mr. Bernstein's abilities as a scrupulous scribe, plus the taste and wit employed in selecting specimens to make his points. Item: a "cite" under the heading DOUBLE DUTY (*i.e.*, trying to make one word serve where only two of the same kind will do):

> "... a newspaper reader wrote to an editor complaining that he had been cheated out of another 'to'. 'I want my other 'to', he added. 'I hope I am not wrong in asking you, whom I address this letter, which you may or may not reply, to, to, to'."

But what bemused me most of all was Mr. Bernstein's sanity. (Today, for an author to be at once erudite and sane is . . . well, it's not quite *fair.*) This regrettable trait of Mr. Bernstein's (see DOUBLE GENITIVE) is exemplified by his stubborn refusal to espouse any dogma about English Usage. Thus although he is essentially a moderate conservative, he eschews that most familiar of conservative dogmas, the Schoolmarm's Superstition, with the result that he has no scorched-earth policy toward a phrase like "different than" – which is of course indispensable before a clause. ("My reading of *The Careful Writer* has affected me in a *different* way *than* I had expected, since I am a careless, nay, reckless writer who has signed all manner of petitions." – *Guy Daniels.*) On the other hand, "Mary is *different than* Alice" is the kind of thing up with which he will not put. (Like I said, he's stubborn.)

But where Mr. Bernstein's sanity displays itself most prominently is in the stance he takes *vis-à-vis* that school of lexicographers variously dubbed the Structuralists or the Descriptivists (because, somewhat inadvertently, they have taken over the principles of Descriptive and Structural Linguistics, lock, stock, and barrel, for the making of dictionaries). It is a powerful school, including as it does the editors of *Webster's Third*, the TV-popularized Dr.

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Evans, *et al.*; and to mess with it takes the courage of a Dwight Macdonald – or a Theodore Bernstein. But, to paraphrase a fine, vigorous specimen of current EU engendered by the PR Department of Consolidated Edison in New York, "mess we must."

In the eyes of the Descriptivists, what's wrong with the Fowlers and Bernsteins of this world is that they go around telling people what's wrong with their EU. (Actually, Mr. Bernstein doesn't so much go around as sit "in the southeast corner of the News Room" at *The New York Times*, of which newspaper he is the assistant managing editor and, as might be said in the trade, "Usage Czar.") To go around (or sit) doing that sort of thing is wrong, because in lexicography there is no such thing as right or wrong. "A dictionary," says Dr. Philip Gove, the general editor of the Abominable Third, "must be descriptive and not prescriptive." And Dr. Evans is even more musty about avoiding "musts":

> "Since language changes this much, no one can say how a word 'ought' to be used. The best that anyone can do is to say how it is being used, and this is what a grammar should tell us."

Maybe no one *may* say it, but some people damned well *can*, as I discovered when I zoomed to the back of the Evans *Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage* and found . . . guess what? "*Zoom* . . . It is incorrect to use it of a downward motion." I almost panicked – but was saved when I noticed that my copy of Dr. Evans's *Dictionary* was lying face down, meaning I had zoomed correctly, in an upward direction.

The Descriptivists, it would appear, sometimes backslide into Prescriptivism: They shouldn't oughta tell you that you oughtn't, but they do. Most of the time, though, being strictly "scientific" lexicographers, they just stick to what *is*. And they have little patience with people like Fowler and Bernstein who presume to tell you what *should be*. These judgmental gentlemen, it seems, are not so much lexicographers as perpetuators of Schoolmarm Superstitions, quibblers about metaphysical notions of "correctness," apologists for "prestige groups," and self-appointed "tyrants of words."

This kind of hard-headed, crew-cut American realism is all very convincing at first glance; but at second glance strange things begin to happen. My own second glance chanced to be into the *Dictionary* compiled by that Wizard of Is, Dr. Evans, with the assistance of his sister, Cornelia. Says Dr. Evans (1957) under the heading *disinterested:* "Though *disinterested* was formerly a synonym for *uninterested*, it is not now so used." Very interesting, particularly when *Webster's Third* (1961) tells us it *is* now so used – and so used a hell of a lot more than in the days of *Webster's Second* (1934) when it was qualified as "*Now Rare.*" And even more interesting when one finds that the Revised (1965) Edition of Fowler says it's being so used all over the place: being so used so much, in fact, that "a valuable DIFFERENTIATION is thus in need of rescue, if it is not too late."

Such utter confusion about The Facts of EU is pretty bad; but even worse is the confusion underlying the charges against "prescriptive" dictionaries and their makers. When the author of such a dictionary labels a word or phrase "correct," he means (and Mr. Bernstein makes this very plain) simply that it is the *most efficient* usage. He is no more concerned with metaphysical speculations or prestige tags (like the "U" pronunciation in England) than is a master carpenter when he says one way of using a coping saw is better than another. (Hint to dictionary publishers: If Joe Blow, having asked a master carpenter for advice on the best way to use a coping saw, is instead given a long lecture on the hundred-and-one different ways in which Many People *misuse* that particular tool, he is very likely not to consult that authority a second time.) Thus when Mr. Bernstein says that the "correct" meaning of "transpire" is "to escape from secrecy" rather than "to happen," "to take place," "to occur," etc., he is merely holding out for a usage that is more *efficient* than the others – more efficient because ". . . there is no other word that expresses the meaning that would be lost." And, I might add, it is less affected. ("No matter what tran-

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spires between you and I," I heard a Pompous Ass say in a bar last night. The girl was not impressed.)

Which brings me to my finale – and to my only serious criticism of Mr. Bernstein's book. The most serious threat to good English, in the America of today, does not come from those illiteracies so rightly abhorred by Mr. Bernstein – and so romantically defended by the Realistic Lexicographers. In a society undergoing a process of what looks like total *embourgoisement*, we need fear no subversion of the Written Word by "ain't," "lay" for "lie," or "irregardless." Far more subversive is the creeping cretinism manifested in those locutions that I shall baptize here and now "flabby genteel." A typical flabby genteelism is: "You look *well* in that blue dress." This is every bit as ungrammatical as "ain't." But, unlike "ain't," it is also ambiguous, affected, and *weak*. Its acceptance by *Webster's Third* (it was not listed in *Webster's Second*), Dr. Evans, *et al.*, represents the triumph of flabby mediocrity over the healthy alliance of vigor and good grammar in "You look *good* in that blue dress." (For that matter, any *good-looking* girl who will settle for "well," had better reexamine both her grammar and her notions of what makes a man a man.)

Mr. Bernstein, it seems to me, is insufficiently aware of this threat – or so I judge from the small space he devotes to flabby genteelisms, as compared with the many entries covering crude illiteracies. True, *The Careful Writer* does have a special section headed OVERREFINEMENT that deals with such genteelisms, as "between you and I," "sitting prettily," etc. But this section is much too short. I would have liked to see it (or, in Flabby Genteelese, "would have liked to have seen it") eked out with quotations from supposedly carefree writers like Henry Miller, who are forever knocking themselves out (technically) trying to be Grammatically Correct. ("Some days, if it *were* raining, . . ." And so on.) Then again, in his remarks under the heading BADLY, Mr. Bernstein seems momentarily to share Dr. Evans's strange delusion that the adjectival use of "badly" following a copulative verb is a locution of The People (Is it that word "copulative" that suggests The People?) – although he of course does not agree that such a usage must, *ipso facto*, be defended unto the death:

> "In response to the inquiry, 'How do you feel?' the reply might be, commonly, colloquially, and carelessly, 'I feel badly,' or, in careful, proper English, 'I feel bad'."

Actually, it is not the *careless* speaker (or writer) who says "I feel badly," but the affluent ignoramus who is being careful as all get-out – a fact that Mr. Bernstein belatedly recognizes when he labels this locution an OVERREFINEMENT.

It is for much the same reason, I suppose, that I still find myself dissatisfied with the title of a generally fine book. Those of us who value good English usage have much to guard against, no doubt, from "the careless writer." But I strongly suspect that we have even more to guard against from the careful creeping cretin.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Lore Segal's *autobiography*, Other People's Houses, *was published last fall.* Howard Moss' *newest book of poems will be brought out by Macmillan in 1966.* Conor Cruise O'Brien *is the author of a new book*, Writers and Politics. Guy Daniels *is the editor and translator of* A Lermontov Reader.

RECORDS

Caught Unawares

The great violinist Joseph Szigeti – speaking at Harvard University recently in connection with a playing of the Vanguard recording of his concert with Bela Bartok at the Library of Congress in 1940 – observed first that the concert, providentially, had been recorded, and then added that, providentially, it had been recorded without the two men's knowledge. For this had enabled them to play with thought only of "here and now," free of the constraint which the presence of a microphone creates for a performer – the constraint Szigeti said he could speak of out of his experiences in the recording studio. Striking testimony on this point was provided several years ago by the recording that Angel issued of Dinu Lipatti's last recital at the 1950 Besançon Festival, at which the mortally-ill pianist raised to exciting incandescence the beautiful performances of works of Bach, Mozart and Chopin that he had recorded in the studio earlier that summer. And the *Love Scene* in the 1947 Toscanini broadcast of Berlioz's *Romeo and Juliet* recently issued by RCA Victor is much superior to the *Love Scene* Toscanini recorded a few days after the broadcast. The few recordings of concerts and broadcasts that the record companies have issued are only a tiny fraction of the existing material of this kind, much of it of enormous artistic value and interest, which there is little likelihood of our getting on commercial records (privately made recordings are being circulated by private exchanges of tapes). Thus the Library of Congress's collection of recordings of its concerts includes the performances of the quartet literature in the early 40's by the Budapest Quartet in its prime, and the extraordinary performances by the regrettably shortlived New Music Quartet; but Columbia, which records the Budapest Quartet, is not likely to issue the early performances that would make embarrassingly evident the inferiority of the recent ones on existing Columbia records; and the potential sales of the New Music Quartet's performances don't encourage a small company like Vanguard to issue them. Vanguard would issue the Frick Collection sonata recital of Szigeti and Schnabel; but E.M.I. (the English parent of Angel that controls the recordings of these two musicians) refused its permission; and so music-lovers are deprived of incomparable performances of Mozart's K.481 and Beethoven's Op. 96. I urge them to demand of Angel that it issue the recording itself.

As for the Szigeti-Bartok perform-

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ances on Vanguard VRS-1130/1 (mono only), Szigeti thought it necessary – in this day of what he called computerized playing – to prepare the audience for the strong character and profile of Bartok's playing. But with Glenn Gould, Van Cliburn and Leon Fleisher, this doesn't seem to me a day of computerized playing; and what the audience needed to be prepared for was not the strong character and profile of Bartok's playing but its old-fashioned breaking of chords and slowing down of phrases. Actually these are negligible in the musically sensitive and alive playing of Bartok that works excitingly with the similar playing of Szigeti in Beethoven's *Kreutzer* Sonata. Equally impressive in its refinement and elegance is their performance of Debussy's Sonata, one of his last works in which, as in the orchestral piece, *Jeux*, I hear no ideas but only a highly accomplished elaboration of the mannerisms of the matured Debussy style. For the rest the records offer the Rhapsody No. 1 and Sonata No. 2 of Bartok, between whose mind and mine there is still no communication. The performances come through on the records despite the deficiencies of the sound.

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Concerto Op. 21 with the excellent Moscow Chamber Orchestra of Rudolf Barshai. I found her playing in the moderately engaging Mozart work reminiscent of Gieseking's in its perfectly achieved small-scale enunciation and articulation with incisiveness and cohesive tension, and suspected that I was hearing the damping effect of the pallid French style of Mozart-playing (Mme. Devetzi studied in Paris) on her own stronger style. And this suspicion seemed to be confirmed by her more robustly incisive playing in the high-spirited Haydn work.

The performance of Mendelssohn's music for *A Midsummer Night's Dream* by Kubelik with the Orchestra and Chorus of the Bavarian Radio, on Deutsche Grammophon 18- and 138-959, is the only good one since Toscanini's. The Intermezzo doesn't have the extraordinary impassioned elegance of his, nor the Scherzo the dazzling virtuosity he achieved; but the tempos are effective, and the orchestral playing is first-rate, with a horn solo in the Nocturne that I haven't heard equalled in beauty of tone and phrasing since young Mason Jones's in the Philadelphia Orchestra's 1942 performance with Toscanini (one of those which Victor should be made to issue).

It is hard to believe that the composer of the wonderful contralto aria *"Erbarme dich"* in the St. Matthew Passion also wrote the excruciatingly boring *"Komm', suesses Kreuz"* for bass; but such are the contradictions that Bach presents. With only a few exceptions the arias in this work are uninteresting, and its greatness is found in the choral passages. In the performance on London A-4431 and OSA-1431 these are sung well by an unidentified adult mixed chorus in addition to the Stuttgart Hymnus Boys' Choir; there is good solo singing by Peter Pears (Evangelist), Hermann Prey (Jesus), Elly Ameling, Marga Hoeffgen, Fritz Wunderlich and Tom Krause; and the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra plays well. Muenchinger paces the work effectively, but doesn't give it the dramatic pointing up that Richter does.

Bruckner's attempts at portentous large-scale symphonic utterance are, to my ears, monumental bores. But in the Mass in E minor, where the musical substance comes out of what he feels deeply about the words, and takes shape around them, the result is a beautifully made and affecting work. On Lyrichord LL- and LLST-136 Gillesberger conducts the Vienna Chamber Choir and a group of State Opera winds in an excellent performance.

B. H. HAGGIN

Correspondence

Stevenson

Sirs:

Hans J. Morgenthau's analysis of Adlai Stevenson (August 7), "eloquent, just and mighty" in the main, reached a conclusion that I believe to be a startling non sequitur. That conclusion was, "Alas, poor Adlai. Such is the irony of your life."

Dr. Morgenthau was betrayed into this fallacy by two misconceptions, one of the man, the other of the situation in which he found himself. As to the man, he says, "Stevenson's acceptance of the ambassadorship to the United Nations, . . . and his unwillingness to relinquish it reveal most poignantly the desperation of his pursuit of power."

This doubtless is true as regards Dr. Morgenthau, but to others it reveals the man's pursuit, not of power, but of participation in what he once described as the most urgent endeavor of modern statecraft – to raise the intellectual level of political dialogue, which is to say, to accelerate the political maturity of the people. To participate in this effort he required a forum, but any forum would do, and the UN is, in fact, a lofty one. As for the "personal diminution" he suffered, that is not apparent to those who believe that Stevenson accepted the post in the spirit of the ancient sage whose enemies sought to humiliate him by electing him to a ridiculously petty job; he accepted because if the office conferred no honor on him, he would confer honor on the office.

As for the situation, Dr. Morgenthau says of Stevenson, "had he been less addicted to the pursuit of power, he might have given it up in defeat altogether and become one of the great reflective men of the nation."

This I venture to challenge flatly. Had

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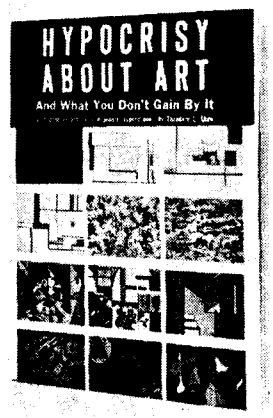

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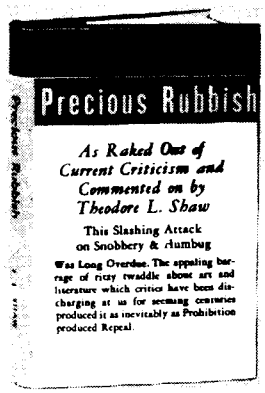
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he withdrawn after his third defeat – for the nomination in 1960 – he would not have become "one of the great reflective men of the nation." He would have become the Number One Judas of American politics.

Consider the situation. Kennedy had won, but as by the skin of his teeth. It was imperatively necessary for him to consolidate his position and that of the Democratic Party before the counter-attack of 1962. To do so, he had urgent need of the loyal and vigorous support of every influential leader in the party. With Johnson already recruited, Stevenson was far the most important of these. Theoretically, the new President might have made his great rival, as Lincoln made Seward, Secretary of State; but practically it was impossible, for Kennedy was no Lincoln and he knew it. Therefore he called Stevenson to what was considered a less-conspicuous office, but still an office within the administration.

Stevenson, says Dr. Morgenthau, should have refused the offer. If he accepted, then he should have resigned after the Bay of Pigs. His last chance to retire with what Dr. Morgenthau considers honor, was after the intervention in Santo Domingo. By failing to do so he became "poor Adlai."

But if Stevenson had refused in the first place, or if he had resigned on either of the two occasions mentioned, he would have dynamited the party that had twice honored him, and would have made his name a hissing and a byword among millions of loyal Democrats. By not doing so, argues Dr. Morgenthau, he had an occasion to defend policies in which he did not believe, which made him a hypocrite.

I would say it made his counsel for the defense, but let that pass. The question remains, is it better to be a part-time hypocrite, or a whole-time traitor? It is a grim choice, but honest men often have to face it.

The tragic element in the career of Adlai Stevenson is too obvious to be denied; but the conclusion of the whole matter is not, "Alas, poor Adlai." More to the point is the aphorism of Balthasar Gracian: "Some men have been worthy of a better century, for every species of good does not always triumph. Things have their period; even excellences are subject to fashion. The sage has one advantage: He is immortal. If this is not his century, many others will be." *Gerald W. Johnson*
Baltimore, Maryland

Looping the Loops

Sirs:

Your article, "Fighting World Famine" (August 7), is Malthusian: Population is growing faster than food, and there is nothing we can do about it. But there *is* something we can do about it. The development of the intrauterine contraceptive device (a small plastic loop) now makes large-scale family planning in underdeveloped countries not only possible, but inexpensive. The loops are the perfect contraceptives for illiterate, low-income populations, since their use does not require continuous high motivation, as do traditional methods. Only one short visit to the clinic is needed, and then the woman can forget about the loop until she wants another baby, at which time a nurse removes it.

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It is quite true that US foreign aid is doing little to promote birth control. However, a private American foundation, the Population Council, is now supplying expert advice to at least seven countries on how to set up *effective* family planning programs.

John Isbister
Princeton, N. J.

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During the summer months, The New Republic will not appear on:

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